For The St. James's Chronicle.

On reading a Collection of Epigrams, lately published.

IN Martial, Wit, and Harmony combine,
To make, with glaring Ray, the Poet shine;
But his smooth tuneful Measures oft conceal
A Sting, whose Wounds no future Salves can heal;
And the young Mind with equal Thought will view
The Wit, and th' Indelicacy too.

In Greaves, the just and polish'd Turn we praise,
Like Harmony and Wit in chaster Lays;
While Martial combats Modesty and Truth,
Wounds the chaste Ear of the ingenuous Youth,
And makes in wanton Mood poor Nature smart *;
Greaves laughs at Vice alone, and mends the Heart,
There praise the Wit and Poet all you can,
But *here* the Wit, the Poet, and the Man.

Bath. J. . . . 1764

* *Alluding to Martial's ridiculing personal Deformities and natural Defects.*

1078. c-11

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1078. c-11

THE

FESTOON:

A COLLECTION of EPIGRAMS,

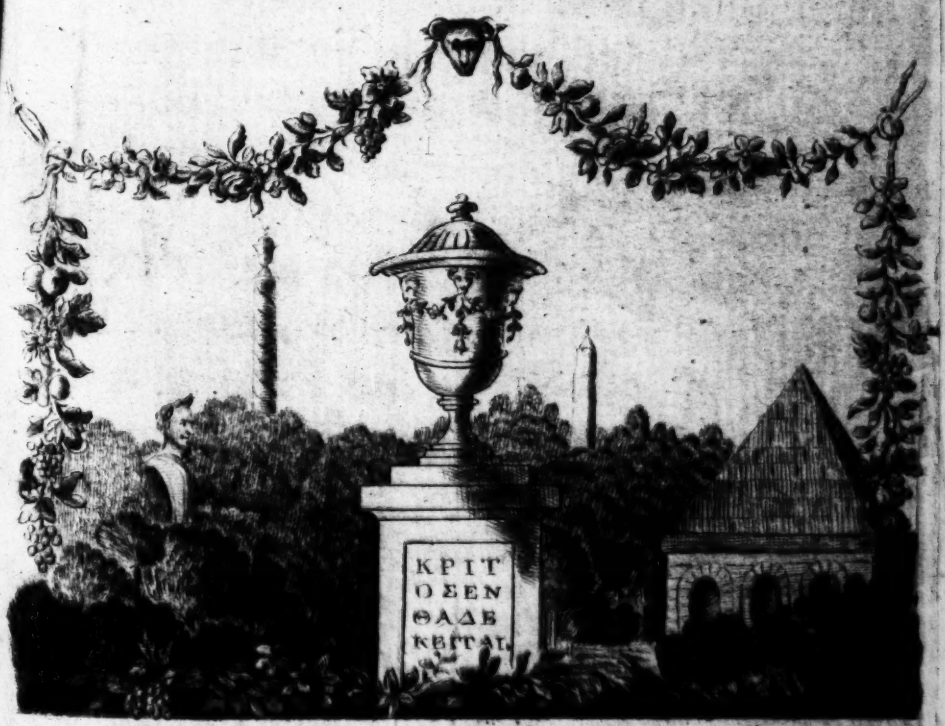
ANCIENT and MODERN.

PANEGYRICAL,
SATYRICAL,
AMOROUS,
} MORAL,
HUMOROUS,
MONUMENTAL.

WITH AN

ESSAY on that Species of Compoſition.

——— Venerandáq; caſtáque verba
A pueris debent virginibuſq; legi. MART.



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THE PREFACE.

THE Epigram is a ſpecies of poetry calculated for the amuſement of every ſeaſon of life; but, as the ſprightlineſs and brevity, eſſential to compoſitions of this kind, render them more peculiarly adapted to captivate the attention of youth, than the ſerious and ſolemn beauties of the ſublimer branches of poetry; nothing ought to be admitted into a collection of this kind, that may endanger the morals, vitiate the taſte, or even debaſe the language of young people: But whoever has peruſed the collections of epigrams already extant, will be convinced, that to exhibit ſomething more perfect of the kind is, by no means, a preſumptuous or an unſeaſonable undertaking.

THE two volumes publiſhed near fifty years ſince, tho' they contain moſt of the beſt epigrams written by the wits of the preceding age, yet the flowers are intermingled with ſuch a wilderneſs of thorns and brambles, from the negligent and unpoliſhed rhymers of the laſt century, that few people will think of travelling for pleaſure through a country where the beauties of nature are ſo thinly ſcattered: And, as for the late farrago's of this kind, the greater part of them, one may venture to ſay, are an abſurd mixture of low humour, dulneſs, and obſcenity.

THE compiler of the preſent volume, however, does not pretend to have executed his plan with unexceptionable accuracy and judgment; but has endeavoured, at leaſt, to furniſh out an *innocent*, and, he hopes, not an *inſipid* entertainment for the younger claſs of readers: And offers to the public ſuch a collection of little poems, as a faithful *tutor* may ſafely put into the hands of his *pupil*, or a virtuous *matron* recommend to her innocent *daughter*.

As

As the moſt ſtriking thoughts, indeed, are the moſt eaſily retained, many of the beſt epigrams have been the moſt frequently repeated in company; and will, of courſe, appear *trite* to people much converſant in the world: And, in ſuch a variety of little pieces as conſtitute this miſcellany, the judicious reader muſt expect to meet with ſome leſs perfect in their kind. But tho', among the following epigrams, there may be ſome leſs ſprightly than others, yet the editor flatters himſelf, that very few will be found with ſo much of the drone in their compoſition, as to be thought intirely without a ſting.

The imagination of youth, as I juſt now hinted, is naturally pleaſed with variety; yet the mind does not love to be interrupted in its train of thinking, and ſhifted about continually from ſerious to ludicrous objects; from panegyric to ſatyr; from a moral reflection to a lively jeſt or amorous expoſtulation. The editor, therefore, has endeavoured to reduce that chaos, which reigns in moſt of the miſcellane-

ous collections of this kind, into ſome little order and regularity, under the following Heads, viz. panegyrical, ſatyrical, amorous, moral, humorous, monumental. This, however, is rather a convenient diſtribution than a methodical diviſion: Neither will he pretend to ſay, that every particular epigram is ſtrictly reducible to either of theſe denominations;—but a greater number of ſub-diviſions would have introduced that confuſion which it was his endeavour to prevent.

As the compiler was unwilling to compoſe his Feſtoon, or Anthology, intirely of borrowed flowers, he has ventured to add ſome few original epigrams (in which rank he would include new tranſlations from the Greek or Latin) the novelty of which, he modeſtly hopes, will in ſome meaſure atone for their preſuming to appear in much better company.

N. B. The Muſes are of no party.

AN

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

NATURE

OF THE

EPIGRAM.

ETYMOLOGY, though it discovers to us the original meaning of a word, yet it seldom gives us a true idea of the popular use of it. The word Epigram, however, in its present acceptation, differs but little from the sense in which it was used by the ancient Greek writers. It signifies, properly, an *inscription*; and was applied by them to those short, and, frequently, poetical inscriptions, made use of upon tombs or statues, temples, trophies, or other public structures, sacred to their Gods or their Heroes. Brevity, therefore, and simplicity, were essential properties in these inscriptions; not only on ac-

count of their public ſituation, but from a principle of convenience, on account of the hardneſs of the materials (braſs or marble) on which they were uſually engraved.

This ſimplicity is obſervable in many of the moſt ancient Greek epigrams, which are preſerved to us in their Anthologies, or collections, made by the ancient grammarians: And appeared ſo inſipid to the French poet *Malherbe*, that, upon taſting ſome *ſoup maigre* at a nobleman's table, he whiſpered to a friend, who was a great admirer of the Greek ſimplicity: "Voila' "la potage a la Greque, s'il enfut jamais!" 'This 'is ſoup in the Greek taſte, with a vengeance!' which was afterwards applied proverbially, amongſt the French critics, to any taſteleſs performance, either in verſe or proſe.

But, though the moderns have ſufficiently departed from this primitive ſimplicity in their compoſitions of this kind, yet the definition of a true epigram will always be the ſame: "That it is a ſhort poem, ex- "hibiting one ſingle view of any ſubject, expreſſed "in a conciſe and concluded in a forcible manner."

According to this definition, though ſome ſtriking thought, or poignancy of expreſſion, is neceſſary to conſtitute an epigram, yet thoſe forced conceits, ſtudied points, or what are now called the epigrammatic turns,—ſeem by no means eſſential to it:—Nay, unleſs

unleſs they ariſe naturally from the ſubject, they are conſidered, by the beſt critics, as vicious excreſcences, or, rather, as ridiculous affectations.

And, indeed, the rules which are laid down for good writing in general, are equally applicable to a complete performance of this kind. Truth is the baſis of all wit: No thought can be beautiful that is not juſt. No ambiguity therefore, jingle of words, forced conceit, or outrageous hyperbole, are, STRICTLY *ſpeaking*, any more compatible with the perfection of this, than with that of any other ſpecies of poetry:

" *Truth muſt prevail, and regulate our diction,*
" *In all we write; nay, muſt give laws to fiction.*"

The difficulty of writing a perfect epigram, indeed, appeared ſo conſiderable, to a great wit of the laſt age, that he did not ſcruple to declare (ridiculouſly enough) " that it was as difficult a performance as an epic " poem." All that could really be meant by ſuch an aſſertion, however, is, that an epigram muſt be as perfect in its kind as the " Iliad," or " the Paradiſe " loſt." An epic poem comprehends but one intire action; an epigram but one principal thought: The ſame unity of deſign, the ſame regular diſpoſition of parts, the ſame tendency to one point, are required in a complete epigram as in an epic poem.

But however, though there is, ſtrictly ſpeaking,

but one ſpecies of true wit; and thoſe muſt be eſteemed the moſt perfect kind of epigrams, where that ſimplicity and juſtneſs of thought prevail; yet it muſt be granted likewiſe, that there are many (perhaps the greateſt number of epigrams both ancient and modern) which give us great pleaſure upon leſs rigid principles. And, unleſs the majority of readers could be ſuppoſed to conſiſt of philoſophers and critics, we ſhall never prevail upon every man, that is capable of writing an epigram, to confine himſelf to the ſevere rules eſtabliſhed by Addiſon, H——d, or Bouhours. Beſides, it is in vain to argue againſt the ſenſations of mankind: A ſtriking antitheſis, an happy alluſion, an humorous expreſſion, or even a pleaſant ambiguity, will ſtrike us with an agreeable ſurpriſe, and extort a laugh from the moſt rigid advocate for propriety and truth. On a grave or moral ſubject, indeed, the leaſt appearance of levity, or tendency to a pun or jingle, may be as offenſive as the intruſion of an impertinent wag in the midſt of a ſerious or friendly converſation: But, upon leſs ſolemn occaſions, that ſtrict ſeverity may admit of ſome relaxation.

The modern critics have been equally puzzled to account for Tully's approbation, and Plutarch's cenſure, of a celebrated witticiſm in an ancient Greek hiſtorian, who accounts for the burning the temple of Diana, on the night that Alexander was born, by ſuppoſing

ſuppoſing that the goddeſs was engaged, in her obſtetric capacity, at the birth of ſo great an hero. This Tully, as that kind of falſe wit was not intirely exploded in his age, applauds as an ingenious conceit. Plutarch, on the other hand, condemns it with the utmoſt ſeverity: But, what is remarkable, he has himſelf been guilty of a mere quibble, whilſt he was ridiculing the hiſtorian's puerility; and ſays, that ſo "*frigid* a conceit" was enough of itſelf to *extinguiſh* the *fire* which he deſcribes.

Now, all that can be ſaid for Plutarch, is, that, in order to expreſs his contempt of the author whom he cenſures, he treats him in his own way, and gives him pun for pun. And this, I think, will explain in what caſes this ſpecies of falſe wit is barely tolerable (for it is certainly commendable in none.) When we would expoſe any folly, impertinence, or affectation, perhaps we cannot do it in too ludicrous terms, as, the leſs ſtudied our wit appears, the more expreſſive it is of our contempt: It is like treating a man with the diſcipline of the cane or horſe-whip, whom we think beneath our reſentment at the more ſerious weapons of ſword or piſtol.

I ſpeak this of the loweſt kind of ambiguity, or falſe wit, which is but one remove from a pun or quibble: But there is another ſpecies, which I cannot think inconſiſtent with our notions of true wit;

I mean, when a word is applied to two different things, in two different ſenſes; in both of which it is true; that is, in the figurative and in the literal acceptation.

I might produce numberleſs examples from the modern poets; but ſhall take one even from a Greek epigram, as a more venerable authority:

Εἰς ἰατρὸν κλέπτην.

Φαρμακίνῃ, Ῥόδων λίτρᾳ μὲ χολιᾶδας αἴρει,
Τἄλλα δὶ σαύτ' αἴρει μὲ δίχα φαρμακίδα.

On a pilfering Quack.

"*Celſus* takes off, *by dint of ſkill*,
"*Each bodily diſaſter*:
"*But* takes off *ſpoons*, *without a pill*;
"*Your plate without a plaiſter.*"

Now, it *may* be as true, in the literal ſenſe, that ſuch a doctor *takes off* ſpoons, as that his phyſic, in a figurative ſenſe, *takes off* a fever: And this forms an antitheſis, or oppoſition, which gives the reader both delight and ſurpriſe, agreeably to the definition of one ſpecies of wit. Nay, further, as this ſort of ambiguity will ſtand Mr. Addiſon's teſt, of being tranſlated into different languages, I cannot but think it an happineſs of expreſſion in theſe more ludicrous performances; for no one can imagine I would plead for

any

ny indulgence of this kind, in any ſerious or tender ompoſition, even of the leſſer branches of poetry.

Yet a great French critic finds nothing to ſhock his nderſtanding in the following compliment of an old rench poet to Mary de Medicis:

" *Feed on, my flocks, feed void of care;*
" *Tho' you ſhould eat the meadows bare,*
" *Maria comes; and, where ſhe treads,*
" *Freſh flow'rs, luxuriant, paint the meads.*"

According to the fabulous ſyſtem, ſays he, flowers ſpring up beneath the feet of goddeſſes and heroines; and therefore, though the fact be falſe, yet it is a falſhood ſo well eſtabliſhed, as to have the air of truth." But certainly nothing can be more ridiculous, than to *argue* thus from the figurative to the literal ſenſe of the words; and the poor flocks would be in bad plight, that ſhould have nothing to feed upon but theſe ideal paſtures and metaphorical flowers.—In ſhort, in any ludicrous performance, this ſpecies of falſe wit may be conſidered as counters at cards, which ſerve well enough to play with, whilſt they are paſſed as ſuch; but a man that ſhould put off a counter in ſerious traffic, or a pun in a ſerious diſcourſe, would be conſidered as a cheat in one caſe, and be thoroughly ridiculous in the other.

There is another ſource of humour, upon which the whole merit of many modern epigrams depends; which

which is their alluding either to ſome well-known proverb, or to ſome celebrated paſſage, either in hiſtory or ancient mythology; or, what is too common, even to ſome text of the Sacred writings. Theſe ſorts of alluſions give the reader the ſame agreeable ſurpriſe as the lucky application of a motto from an ancient claſſic.

How far the laſt kind of alluſions are defenſible, I will not preſume to determine: However, where no religious opinion is ridiculed, or prophanely applied, the mere antique phraſe, though it is often ſtupidly, yet may perhaps be innocently enough introduced.

Thus, for inſtance, when Mr. Pope, the moſt decent poet of any age, ſpeaks of thoſe wretched votaries of dulneſs, who, for the precarious reward of literary fame, undergo the auſterities of martyrs and confeſſors; he ſays, in alluſion to one of the beatitudes,

"*Who hunger and who thirſt—for ſcribbling ſake.*"

Here, though he makes free with the Scripture expreſſion, yet the ridicule ſeems to depend upon the *truth* of the *doctrine* contained in it; and ſuppoſes our obligation to do that "for *righteouſneſs'* ſake," which theſe rhymers do for "*ſcribbling* ſake.

But, as a witty divine * has denounced "God's judg-"ment againſt punning," as well as againſt prophaneneſs, I would by no means plead for either; but only

* Swift.

endeavour

ndeavour to account for the propenſity which many nſible and decent men have diſcovered to be pleaſed ith levities of this ſort, by ſhewing, that there are me kinds of them not inconſiſtent either with true it or genuine piety.

As to the *length* of an epigram, a great French cri- c ſeems to limit it to a diſtich, or two lines; as me Dutch poets have extended it to as many pages. he modern practice, however, for which the autho- y of * Martial might in many epigrams be pleaded, ems to have determined, That, provided one princi- l thought be uniformly purſued to a point through e whole, a poem of any *reaſonable* length may be onſidered as an epigram. On this account, at leaſt, have ventured to inſert two or three copies of a more han Belgic prolixity, where one thought prevails thro' he whole—as I have rejected others chiefly for the want of that ſimplicity.

A ſmoothneſs of verſification ſeems ſo neceſſary in theſe ſmaller compoſitions, that I am almoſt inclined to apply ſeriouſly Prior's ironical conceſſion,

That "rhyme with reaſon may diſpenſe,
"And ſound has right to govern ſenſe."

At leaſt the beſt ſenſe, or moſt witty conceit in the world, will give little pleaſure if diſfigured by bad rhymes,

* He has one, upon the "Villa Fauſtini," of 42 lines—and many of 30 and upwards.

rhymes, or by the diſſonance of unmuſical verſification. In larger works ſome little roughneſs or inequality may be more pardonable; but, in theſe diminutive pieces, the leaſt inaccuracy, like a flaw in a diamond, intirely deſtroys its value.

An eſſay upon ſong-writing, publiſhed in the Guardian, makes the whole difference between a ſong and an epigram to conſiſt in the ſubject only: That an epigram is uſually employed upon ſatyrical occaſions; and that the buſineſs of the ſong is chiefly to expreſs

"*Love's pleaſing cares, and the free joys of wine.*"

But, if I might venture to differ from ſo diſtinguiſhed a writer, I ſhould rather ſay, That, whatever the ſubject be, *tenderneſs* of *ſentiment* and an impaſſioned expreſſion are eſſential to a ſong; as the uſually narrative ſtyle of an epigram ſeems incompatible with the ſoft raptures of muſic. How ridiculous muſt it be to hear a Frenchman quavering out

"*Tu parles mal par tout de moy,*
"*Je dis du bien par tout de toy.*"

'*Thou ſpeakeſt always ill of me,*
'*I ſpeak always well of thee.*'

Which tranſlation of an epigram from Buchanan was a favourite ſong in France: As, on the contrary, the tender ſentiments and plaintive ſtyle of a lover appear inconſiſtent with the ſtudied turns of an epigram—for

"*Wh*

" *Who can chuſe but pity*
" *A dying ſwain ſo miſerably witty?*"

If we inquire, at laſt, into the utility of the epi-
m, I ſhould think it ſufficient to ſay of this, as
poetry in general, that it is at leaſt an innocent
uſement to young people; and perhaps they might
eive the ſame advantage to their ſtyle in writing,
to their manner of expreſſing themſelves in con-
ſation, from being accuſtomed to the force and
nciſeneſs peculiar to an epigram, as it is allowed
ey generally do, to their way of thinking and rea-
ning, from the cloſe method of argumentation eſ-
ntial to mathematical writings.

But further; I think an epigram may be con-
ered, according to the moſt general diviſion, ei-
er as a ſatyr in miniature, or as a panegyric in
itome; and may, like thoſe more important
anches of poetry, be employed to encourage the
actice of virtue by applauſe, or deter from vice
y cenſure and ridicule: And, as many of them con-
ain ſome precept of morality, recommended to the
ancy by a conciſe ſpirited manner of expreſſion, they
re eaſily learned in our youth, and uſually retained
r life.

If we may judge, however, from the practice of
Martial, and the beſt writers of epigram, it ſeems to
e its chief province to regulate the " petits mœurs,"
the

the little decencies of behaviour; and to ridicule affectation, vanity, and impertinence, and other offences againſt good ſenſe and good breeding. But we ſhould always remember, that both this, and every other ſpecies of raillery, ought itſelf to be regulated by the ſtricteſt rules of humanity and benevolence. No natural defect, or unavoidable infirmity, ought on any account to be expoſed; much leſs ſhould any thing ſacred, or truly laudable, be made the object of our ridicule: For every poet ſhould be able to ſay, with Mr. Pope,

"*Curs'd be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,*
"*That tends to make one worthy man my foe;*
"*Give virtue ſcandal, innocence a fear,*
"*Or from the ſoft-ey'd virgin, ſteal a tear.*"

In ſhort, as Mr. Addiſon obſerves, no perſon ought to be rallied any further, than the ſubject of our raillery can himſelf join in the laugh; as, I dare ſay, the plump gentleman did, who was pointed out in this well-known diſtich:

"*When* Tadloe *treads the ſtreets, the paviors cry,*
"*God bleſs you, Sir, and lay their rammers by.*"

THE

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ERRATA.

PAGE 8, Epig. xxii. should have followed Epig. xvi.—P. 46, l. for *avoids* read *yet shuns*.—P. 107, l. 2, add *From Swift*.—P. 12 l. 10, for *sings* read *plays*.—P. 129, l. 10, *dele* the whole epigra —P. 157, l. 5, *dele* BOOK V.—P. 185, l. 11, *with* should not be Italics.

A COL

A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

BOOK I.

PANEGYRICAL.

I.

On Plutarch's Statue.

From the Greek; by Mr. Dryden.

WISE, honeſt *Plutarch!* to thy deathleſs praiſe,
The ſons of Rome—this grateful ſtatue raiſe:
r why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have ſhar'd,
eir heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
t *thou thyſelf* couldſt never write thy own;
eir lives had parallels—but *thine* has *none*.

II.

On the Death of Dr. Friend;

Imitated from the Greek.

WHEN *Radcliffe* fell, afflicted *phyſick* cried,
"How vain my pow'r!" and languiſh'd at his ſi
When *Friend* expir'd, deep-ſtruck, her hair ſhe tore,
And ſpeechleſs fainted and reviv'd no more.
Her flowing grief no farther could extend—
She *mourn'd* with Radcliffe, but ſhe *died* with *Friend*.

III.

On Homer.

From the Greek.

STILL in our ears *Andromache* complains,
And ſtill in view the fate of Troy remains;
Still *Ajax* fights; ſtill *Hector*'s dragg'd along;
Such ſtrange enchantment dwells in Homer's ſong:
Whoſe birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For—all the *world* is proud, that *he* was born.

IV.

On Menander.

From the Greek.

THE very bees, O ſweet Menander, hung,
To taſte the muſe's ſpring upon thy tongue:
The very *graces* made the ſcenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expreſſion hit:
Thus ſtill you live; you make your Athens ſhine,
And raiſe *her* glory to the ſkies in *thine*.

V.

V.

On the Statue of Niobe.

From the Greek.

O ſtone the gods have chang'd her—but in vain—
The ſculptor's art has made her breath again.

VI.

On the Statue of Venus by Praxiteles.

From the Greek.

NCHISES, Paris, and Adonis too
Have ſeen me naked, and expos'd to view:
heſe I freely own, 'tis paſt denying—
where has this *Praxiteles* been *prying?*

VII.

On the Statue of Alexander.

From the Greek.

HE ſculptor's art can braſs with life inſpire,
Shew Alexander's features and his fire:
ſtatue ſeems to ſay, with up-caſt eye,
ath *my* rule the globe of earth ſhall lie;
bou, O Jove, contented with thy ſky.

VIII.

From the Latin of Martial.

Lib. 1. *Epig.* 9. *by Mr. Hay.*

HAT you, like Thraſea, or like Cato, great,
Purſue their maxims, but decline their fate;

Nor raſhly point the dagger to your heart;
More to *my* wiſh you act the Roman's part.
I like not him, who fame by *death* retrieves:
Give *me* the man, who merits praiſe, and lives.

IX.

Epig. 40. by the ſame.

IS there a friend, like thoſe diſtinguiſh'd few,
Renown'd for faith, whom former ages knew;
Poliſh'd by art, in every ſcience wiſe;
Truly ſincere, and good without diſguiſe?
"Is there, who right maintains, and truth purſues,
"Nor knows a wiſh that heaven can refuſe?
"Is there who can on his great ſelf depend?"—
I *know* indeed, but dare not *name* that friend.

X.

From Martial.

WHEN all the blandiſhments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death—The brave lives on.

XI.

Ep. 43. by Mr. Hay.

WHEN Porcia heard, with grief, her lord was dead
And the ſtoln dagger ſought in vain; ſhe ſaid,
"Think ye the means are wanting to expire?
"Are you ſo ill-inſtructed by my ſire?"
The burning coals then greedily devour'd;
And cried, "unkind attendants! *keep* the ſword!"

XII.

Lib. 4. Ep. 87.

By Dr. Hoadley---to James Harris, Esq.

WOULDST thou, by Attic taſte approv'd,
By all be read, by all be lov'd;
earned Harris' curious eye,
e advis'd, dear muſe, apply.
n the learned judge you'll find,
n, the candid friend, and kind.
repeats, if he approves,
the laughing muſcles moves,
nor the critic's ſneer ſhalt mind,
e to pies or trunks conſign'd.
condemns, away you fly,
mount in paper kites the ſky,
ead, 'mongſt Grub-ſtreet's records lie.

XIII.

Lib. VI. Ep. 15.

Drop of amber, from the weeping plant,
Fell, unexpected, and embalm'd an ant:
ittle inſect, we ſo much contemn,
om a worthleſs ant, become a *gem*.

XIV.

From Martial.

Handſome treat, a piece of gold or ſo,
And compliments, will every friend beſtow:
who alas! can hope a friend to meet,
lays his laurels at inferior feet,
yields the tendereſt point of honour, *wit*?

XV.

On God's Omnipotence.

WHEN Egypt's hoſt God's choſen tribe purſu'd,
In cryſtal walls th' admiring waters ſtood:
When thro' the dreary waſte they took their way,
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a ſea.
What limits can th' Almighty goodneſs know,
If ſeas can harden, and if rocks can flow!

XVI.

To King James the IId in his firſt Year.

By Lord Lanſdown.

THO' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
Thou chuſeſt not to conquer men, but hearts;
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'ſt the name of *juſt* to *great*.
O! could the ghoſts of mighty heroes dead
Return on earth, and quit th' *Elyſian* ſhade!
Brutus to *James* would truſt the people's cauſe,
Thy *juſtice* is a ſtronger guard than *laws*—
Marius and *Sylla* would reſign to thee,
Nor Cæſar and great Pompey rivals be;
Or rivals only, who ſhould beſt obey,
And *Cato* give his voice for *regal ſway*.

XVII.

To the Author of the foregoing.

By Mr. Waller.

AN early plant, which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhews a genius, thus beyond his years;
A judgment that could make ſo fair a choice
So high a ſubject to employ his voice;

Stand

ill as it *grows*, how ſweetly will he ſing
he *growing* greatneſs of our matchleſs *king*!

XVIII.

On the Death of King William.

VAIN Greece conſult no more, or haughty Rome,
For worth or virtue; view this royal tomb:
eneath whoſe ſhade more ſacred duſt is wept,
han in their urns or temples ever ſlept.
eſar had courage, but the tyrant's name,
nd Rome enſlav'd, obſcur'd the warrior's fame.
ato had honour; but the dagger, near,
hen dangers preſs'd, betray'd the patriot's fear.
is triumphs one by dire oppreſſion gain'd;
nd one his virtues by his weakneſs ſtain'd:
itain's lov'd king did with each Roman vie,
fond of freedom; as reſolv'd to die;
ithout his guilt did Cæſar's laurels wear,
d boaſted Cato's fame, without his fear.

XIX.

ſcription for a Fountain, adorned with the Statue of Queen Anne, and the chief Rivers of the World round it.

By Mr. Prior.

YE active ſtreams, where-e'er your waters flow,
Let diſtant climes and fartheſt nations know,
hat ye from *Thames* and Danube have been taught,
ow *Anne* commanded, and how Marlb'ro' fought.

XX.

To the Prince,

On his Appearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.

THY guardian, bleſt Britannia! ſcorns to ſleep,
When the ſad ſubjects of his father weep!
Weak princes, by their fears, increaſe diſtreſs;
He faces danger, and thus makes it leſs.
Tyrants on blazing towns may ſmile with joy,
He knows to *ſave* is greater than *deſtroy*.

XXI.

On the Death of King George I.

COMMERCE and peace reſtor'd, each ſea his own,
Europe's proud ſtates all bending to his throne,
Auſtria reduc'd, and humbled haughty *Spain*,
Forc'd to reſign her title to the main!
Iberia's Power by her own forts enſlav'd,
Philip repuls'd, *Gibraltar* nobly ſav'd.
What could he more ſollicit of the ſky?—
Juſt in the fulneſs of his fame—to die.

XXII.

To King Charles I. on his Navy.

By Mr. Waller.

SHOULD nature's ſelf invade the world again,
And o'er the center ſpread the liquid main,
Thy power were ſafe—and her deſtructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would ſtyle thee Lord of all,
And riſe in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

XXIII. T

XXIII.

o Charles Granville, Lord Lanſdown, on the Bombarding the Town of Granville in Normandy—which had the Granville Arms on one of the Gates of the City.

HOSE arms, which now for centuries had brav'd
The wrath of time on antique ſtone engrav'd,
o' torn by mortars, ſtand yet undefac'd,
nobler trophies by thy valour rais'd.
Safe on thy eagle's wings they ſoar, above,
e rage of war, or thunder to remove,
rne by the bird of Cæſar and of Jove.

XXIV.

n Inſcription deſign'd for the Statue of Edward the VIth at St. Thomas's Hoſpital.

N Edward's brow no laurels caſt a ſhade,
Nor at his feet are warlike ſpoils diſplay'd:
here, ſince firſt his bounty rais'd the pile,
lame grow active, and the languid ſmile:
this, ye chiefs, and, ſtruck with envy, pine,
kill is brutal, but to ſave, divine.

XXV.

To Mr. Poyntz, on his Picture.

By Lord Lyttleton.

UCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who ſhall find
A hand or colours to expreſs thy mind?

He was created a count of the empire; the family arms to be ne for ever on the breaſt of the Imperial ſpread eagle.

A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a falſe world that *dares* to be ſincere;
Wiſe without art; without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' ſedate:
With all the richeſt ſtores of learning fraught;
Yet better ſtill by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the diſtreſs'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, where misfortune ſu'd, ne'er ſought to know,
What ſect, what party, whether friend or foe:
That fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Deſpiſes calumny, and ſhuns applauſe:
That, to his own perfections ſingly blind,
Would—for another—think this praiſe deſign'd.

XXVI.

To Mr. Weſt, at Wickham.

By the ſame.

FAIR nature's ſweet ſimplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy *ſeat*, my friend, I ſee,
But better in thy *mind*.
To both from courts and all their ſtate,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

XXVII.

On the Temple of Engliſh Worthies at Stow

AMONG theſe chiefs of Britiſh race,
Who live in breathing ſtone,
Why has not Cobham's buſt a place?—
The ſtructure was his own.

XXVIII. O

XXVIII.

On Milton.

By Mr. Dryden.

THREE poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did adorn.
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd,
The next in majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature could no farther go—
To make a third, ſhe join'd the *other two*.

XXIX.

On Shakeſpear's Monument, at Stratford upon Avon.

By Mr. Seward.

GREAT Homer's birth ſev'n rival cities claim,
Too mighty ſuch monopoly of fame;
Yet not to birth alone did *Homer* owe
His wond'rous worth; what *Egypt* could beſtow,
With all the ſchools of *Greece* and *Aſia* join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immenſe expanſion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the *Maeonian* ſtrain,
The * *Britiſh* eagle and the Mantuan ſwan
Now'r equal heights. But, happier *Stratford*, thou
With inconteſted laurels deck thy brow;
Thy bard was thine unſchool'd, and from thee brought
More than all *Egypt*, *Greece*, or *Aſia* taught.
Not *Homer*'s ſelf ſuch matchleſs honours won;
The *Greek* has rivals, but thy *Shakeſpear* none.

* Milton.

XXX.

To a Lady—

Allied to the Royal Family.

THE powerful name, whose princely meaning shews,
From what high spring your blood's rich current flows,
With needless awe reminds us of your race,
Since heaven has stamp'd dominion on your face.
Still in your sovereign form distinctly live
All royal rights your father-kings could give.
In your commanding air, we mark their state;
In your sweet words, their wisdom and their weight;
Warm, in your generous breast, their *courage* lies,
And all their pow'r and mercy in your eyes.

XXXI.

On Miss Biddy Floyd.

By Dr. Swift.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove intreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt;
Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene:
From which ingredients, first, the dextrous boy,
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious grain,
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain:
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy composition, *Floyd*.

XXXII.

To an Engliſh Lady at Paris.

WHILST haughty *Gallia*'s dames, that ſpread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
eheld this beauteous ſtranger there,
n native charms, divinely fair—
onfuſion in their looks they ſhow'd,
nd with *unborrow'd* bluſhes glow'd.

XXXIII.

n Mrs. Barbiere's firſt Appearance on *the Stage*.

O pleaſure now from Nicolini's tongue,
In vain he ſtrives to move us with his ſong:
n a fair *Syren* we have fix'd our choice,
nd wait with longing ears for *Barbiere*'s voice:
hen, lo! the nymph, by baſhful awe betray'd,
er fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid:
t ſo much innocence adorns her fears,
nd with ſuch grace her modeſty ſhe wears,
her diſorder, all her charms increaſe,
d, had ſhe better ſung, ſhe'd pleas'd us *leſs*.

XXXIV.

A Flower painted by Vareliſt.

WHEN fam'd *Vareliſt* this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing work to view;
inding the painter's ſcience at a ſtand,
he goddeſs ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand,
nd, finiſhing the piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
hold one work of mine, which ne'er ſhall fade.

XXXV. In

XXXV.

In Behalf of Mr. *Southerne*.

To the Duke of Argyle.

ARGYLE, his praiſe when Southerne wrote,
Firſt ſtruck out this and then that thought,
Said this was flatt'ry, that a fault;
How ſhall the bard contrive?
My lord, conſider what you do,
He'll loſe his pains, and verſes too;
For, if theſe praiſes fit not you,
They'll *ſerve no man* alive.

XXXVI.

On a little Houſe built by a poetical *Gentleman*.

A Bard, grown deſirous of ſaving his pelf,
Built a houſe he was ſure would hold none but himſelf;
This enrag'd god *Apollo* who *Mercury* ſent,
And bid him go aſk, what his votary meant.
Some foe to my empire has been his adviſer;
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miſer:
Tell him, *Hermes*, from me, tell that ſubject of mine,
I have ſworn by the *Styx* to defeat his deſign;
For, where-ever he comes, the muſes ſhall reign;
And the muſes, he knows, have a numerous train.

XXXVII.

To Mr. *Pope* on his Tranſlation of *Homer*.

SO much, dear *Pope*, thy *Engliſh* Iliad charms,
When pity melts us, or when paſſion warms,
That after ages ſhall with wonder ſeek,
Who 'twas *tranſlated Homer* into Greek.

XXXVIII. O

XXXVIII.

On Flowers embroidered by a *young Lady*.

THIS charming bed of flow'rs when *Flora* ſpy'd,
By Flavia's needle wrought; enrag'd ſhe cry'd:
Still to be vanquiſh'd by her is my doom;
Mine early fade, but *her's* ſhall ever bloom;
Bloom like her face; that ſtings me to the heart;
Surpaſs'd *in beauty*, as excell'd in *art*.

XXXIX.

To the right hon. *Arthur*, Earl of *Angleſey*.

IF the old * *Samian* doctrine of ſpirits be true,
Then *Cicero*'s ſpirit does penance in you;
For *Jove*, when he ſaw him ſo fond of applauſe,
Which ſway'd him much more than the client or cauſe,
Determin'd his ſoul to your body to doom,
Great as when he firſt aſtoniſh'd old Rome;
With all his own virtues a ſecond time bleſt
And fortitude added to crown all the reſt;
But to check the vain glory, that reign'd in his ſpirit,
He gave you *an ear that can't* bear your own merit.

XL.

On *the Spectator*.

WHEN firſt the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her cenſor's ſilence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his ſprightly beams, ſhe wept the night,
Till the *Spectator* roſe and blaz'd as bright.
So the firſt man the ſun's firſt ſetting view'd,
And ſigh'd till circling days his joys renew'd;

* Pythagoras, who firſt taught the tranſmigration of ſouls, was of Samos.

Yet

Yet doubtful how that ſecond ſun to name,
Whether a bright ſucceſſor, or the ſame;
So we; but now from this ſuſpence are freed,
Since all agree who both with judgment read,
'Tis the *ſame ſun and does himſelf* ſucceed.

XLI.

On the Earl of Macclesfield.

WHEN the ſeals were deliver'd to Macclesfield's charge,
Each God for approving gave reaſons at large:
But Apollo excepted; and ſaid, ſo much wit,
With ſuch eloquence join'd, for that charge was unfit:
Leſt the injur'd, who at his tribunal appear'd,
And put in their complaints, with intent to be heard;
Should feed on the honey, that dropp'd from his tongue,
And charm'd by his ſpeaking forget their own wrong;
Minerva too added "his prudence is ſuch,
"As not to indulge his own judgment too much.
"And whoe'er he conſults, I plainly foreſee,
"Muſt be ſome who know leſs of the matter than he,
"Old authors for inſtance—then men ſhall bemoan,
"That he ſuch opinions prefers to his own."
Jove heard; and thus calmly deliver'd his thoughts:
"No man is more guilty of theſe and ſuch faults,
"Yet ſtill I've one reaſon, for which he is given,
"To ſhew men how juſtice is practis'd in heaven."

XLII.

To the Lord Chancellor King.

(Alluding to his Motto——"Labor ipſe voluptas!")

'TIS not the ſplendor of the place,
The gilded coach, the purſe, the mace,

And

d all the pompous train of ſtate,
th crouds, which at the levee wait,
at make you happy, make you great:
t when mankind you ſtrive to bleſs,
th all the talents you poſſeſs;
hen all the joys you can receive,
w from the benefits you give;
is takes the heart, this conquers ſpite,
d makes the heavy burden light:
ue *pleaſure*, rightly underſtood,
nly *labour to do good*.

XLIII.

dvice to Mr. Pope: on his intended Tranſlation of Homer, 1714.

O! thou, who, with a happy genius born,
Can'ſt tuneful verſe in flowing numbers turn;
wn'd on thy Windſor's plains with early bays,
early wiſe, nor truſt to barren praiſe:
nd was the bard that ſung Achilles' rage;
ſung and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age:
Britain his tranſlated ſong would hear,
take the gold—then charm the liſtning ear;
hall thy father *Homer* ſmile to ſee
penſion paid, tho' late; and paid to thee.

XLIV.

Written on a Glaſs by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of *Cheſterfield's Diamond Pencil*.

ACCEPT a miracle inſtead of wit;
See! two *dull lines* by *Stanhope's* pencil writ.

XLV. On

XLV.

On the fortunate and auſpicious Reigns of Q. Elizabeth and Q. Anne.

SURE heav'n's unerring voice decreed of old
The faireſt ſex ſhould *Europe's* balance hold.
As great *Eliza's* forces humbled *Spain*,
So *France* now ſtoops to *Anne's* ſuperior reign:
Thus, tho' proud Jove with thunder fills the ſky,
Yet, in *Aſtrea's* hands, the fatal ſcale does lie.

XLVI.

Written in "*The Fables for the Female Sex.*"

WHILE here the poet paints the charms
That bleſs the perfect dame,
How unaffected beauty warms,
And wit preſerves the flame;

How prudence, virtue, ſenſe agree,
To form the happy wife:
In *Lucy*, and her book, I ſee
The picture and the life.

XLVII.

On Lord Cobham's Gardens.

IT puzzles much the ſages brains,
Where Eden ſtood of yore;
Some place it in Arabia's plains,
Some ſay, it is no more.

But Cobham can theſe tales confute
As all the curious know;
For he has prov'd beyond diſpute,
That paradiſe is *Stow*.

XLVIII. To

XLVIII.

To a Lady; who ſent Compliments to a Clergyman—on the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
Old Engliſh ſervices are more ſincere;
ou ſend *ten* hearts—the tythe is only mine,
ive me but one—and burn the other nine.

XLIX.

On a Grotto of Shells—

The Work of nine young Ladies in Hampſhire.
By Mr. Pope.

HERE, ſhunning idleneſs at once and praiſe,
This radiant pile nine rural ſiſters raiſe.
e glittering emblem of each ſpotleſs dame,
ear as her ſoul, and ſhining as her frame;
auty which nature only can impart,
d ſuch a poliſh as diſgraces art.
fate diſpos'd them in this humble ſort,
d hid in deſarts—what would charm a court.

L.

On the ſame. By the hon. Mr. H.—

O much this building captivates the ſight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight;
them the maſter-piece of nature's ſhown,
this I ſee art's maſter-piece in ſtone.
! nature, nature, thou haſt conquer'd art;
e charms the ſight alone—but *you* the *heart*.

LI.

Wit and Beauty.

TH' inſpiring muſes, and the god of love,
With rival pow'r, to grace Melinda ſtrove.
Love arm'd her with his bow and keeneſt darts,
Whilſt every muſe enrich'd her mind with arts.
Though *Greece* in ſplendid temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's power adore,
Thoſe antients thought no ſingle goddeſs fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit:
Each was a ſep'rate claim—yet now we find
The different titles in Melinda join'd.

LII.

To a Lady—half-maſking herſelf, when ſhe ſmiled.

SO when the ſun, with his meridian light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble ſight;
We thank th' officious cloud—by whoſe kind aid
We view his glory—ſoften'd by a ſhade.

LIII.

On the Duke of Devonſhire's Seat in Derbyſhire.

WHEN Scotland's queen, her native realms expell'd,
In antient Chatſworth was a captive held,
Had then the pile to its new charms arriv'd,
Happier the captive, than the queen had liv'd.
What ſighs in pity of her ſtate could riſe,
That found the fugitive in paradiſe!

LIV. Un-

LIV.

Under the Picture of a * muſical Mechanic.

THO' mean thy rank, yet, in thy humble cell,
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.
ell-pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
nd muſic warbled in her ſweeteſt ſtrain.
yllenius ſo, as fables tell, and Jove
ame willing gueſts to poor Philemon's grove.
et uſeleſs pomp behold, and bluſh to find
o low a ſtation, ſuch a liberal mind.

LV.

On the Invention of Letters.

From the French.

THE noble art from Cadmus took its riſe,
Of painting words, and ſpeaking to the eyes.
e firſt in wond'rous magic fetters bound
he airy voice, and ſtopp'd the dying ſound.
he various figures by his pencil wrought
ave colour, and a body to the thought.

LVI.

From Mr. Pope, on the ſame Subject.

HEAVEN firſt taught letters, for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
ey live, they ſpeak; they breathe what love inſpires,
arm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires;
he virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
cuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart;

* One Tom Briton, a ſmallcoal-man—well known ſome years ſince—London.

Speed

Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from *Indus* to the *pole*.

LVII.

Parallel between the *Antients* and *Moderns*.

SOME for the antients zealouſly declare,
Others, again, our modern wits prefer;
A third affirms, that they are much the ſame,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet ſure one more diſtinction may be told,
Thoſe once were new, but theſe will ne'er be old.

LVIII.

To Mr. Pope on his Dunciad.

THE raven, rook, and pert jack-daw,
(Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
Yet ſerve, if hang'd or ſtuff'd with ſtraw,
To ſhew us which way blows the wind.

Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than *Dennis* rules,
And point inſtruction ev'ry way.

With *Egypt*'s art thy pen may ſtrive:
One potent drop let this but ſhed;
And ev'ry rogue that ſtunk, alive,
Becomes a precious mummy, dead.

LIX.

On the Earl of Dorſet.

BY fav'ring wit, *Mæcenas* purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double ſhare of fame is Dorſet's due,
At once the patron, and the poet too.

LX. Writte

LX.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

From Prior.

WITH virtue, ſtrong as yours, had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had bluſh'd, or ſerpent charm'd:
or had our bliſs by penitence been bought—
or had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

LXI.

n Dean Swift's leaving an Hoſpital for Ideots and Lunatics.

THE Dean muſt die! our ideots to maintain.
Periſh, ye ideots!—and long live the Dean!

LXII.

On the ſame

O! Swift to ideots bequeaths his ſtore:
Be wiſe, ye rich—conſider thus the poor.

LXIII.

On Love and Friendſhip.

THE love that's cold, or friendſhip that's not warm,
Does no one good—but may do many harm.

LXIV.

On Wit.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant ſtone,
Dug from the *Indian* mine;
hich boaſts two various powers in one,
To *cut* as well as *ſhine*.

Genius

Genius, like that, if poliſh'd right,
With the ſame gift abounds—
Appears at once both keen and bright
And *ſparkles* while it wounds.

LXV.

The Stage's Acknowledgment.

O Nature! when thy ſovereign pow'r we ſee,
How poor a thing muſt affectation be!
Whilſt *Clive*, with beauteous eaſe, the audience charms,
And, with the fire of native influence, warms;
Pour'd from her eyes, the meaning raptures roll,
And ſhoot the laughing graces thro' the ſoul.
Or, when the ſprightly ſong demands our aid,
How pointed are thy notes, O muſic! made?
Poets, and maſters, careleſs, may compound,
Her look is meaſure; and her action, ſound.

LXVI.

To Mrs. Robinſon, a celebrated Actreſs.

WHEN *Salvia* ſings, or acts the heroine's part,
The fiction's ill-ſupported by her art:
Still ſomething vulgar, thro' the rich diſguiſe,
Betrays the mimic, and offends the eyes:
But when *your* voice is heard, and beauty ſeen—
You ſeem a *goddeſs*, whilſt you act a *queen*.

LXVII.

To Dr. Purcell, the great Muſician.

TO you a tribute from each muſe is due,
The whole poetic tribe's oblig'd to you—
For ſurely none but you, with equal eaſe,
Could *add* to *David*—and make *D'Urfey* pleaſe.

LXVI

LXVIII.

the five Buſts in Queen Caroline's Hermitage at Richmond.

IGH on the liſt of fame while *Newton* ſtands,
Whoſe ſpreading beams enlighten foreign lands;
oſe piercing genius could alone explore
ure's deep ſecrets, unreveal'd before;
l, on advent'rous wing tranſported, trace
ſtarry wonders of th' etherial ſpace:
ile *Locke*, with native force of reaſon, charms,
Woolaſton, by ſtrokes of nature, warms:
ile piety and learning both conſpire,
Clarke, to fan religion's ſacred fire;
oſe milder rules, to ſouls by paſſion driv'n,
l kindly point the certain road to heav'n:
ile *Boyle*, whoſe philoſophic eye could trace
myſtic lines of nature's various face,
ll, like the ſun, diffuſive beams impart,
ght'ning all the mazy wild of art:
ong, illuſtrious queen! ſhalt thou receive
choiceſt honours that the muſe can give.

LXIX.

On the Auguſtan Age.

OR twice nine cent'ries—why has partial fame
O'er worthier Romans ſwell'd th' *Auguſtan* name?
Julius nobler, and of greater mind?
Titus' ſelf, the darling of mankind?—
at, but the muſe, this laſting diff'rence made?
s'd poets lent the world's great lord their aid;
d, from *their* grateful praiſe, conſent firſt grew,
at he, who rais'd the arts—ſurpaſs'd them *too*.

LXX.

On the celebrated Diſpute between the A cients and Moderns.

SWIFT for the ancients has argu'd ſo well,
'Tis apparent, from thence, that the moderns exc

LXXI.

In Praiſe of Mead.

THE juice of bees, not Bacchus, here behold!
Which *Britiſh* bards were wont to quaff of old.
The berries of the grape with *furies* ſwell;
But, in the honey-comb, the *graces* dwell.

LXXII.

To a Lady — on her Recovery from t Small-pox.

CLOE, no more unjuſtly fear
Your num'rous ſlaves' decreaſe;
Say, does the ſun leſs bright appear,
Tho' ſpots o'er-ſpread his face?
Thoſe ſtains, by fate's ſevere decree,
He's ever doom'd to wear;
While thine each riſing morn ſhall ſee
Diſſolving into air.

LXXIII.

To a young Lady —

With Lord Halifax's Advice to a Daughter.

ADVICE, Coſmelia, by the wiſe is lov'd,
And, where 'tis wanted leaſt, is moſt approv'd.

hat, tho' it teach but what you now behave!
friend may offer what a father gave.
hat, tho' you need it not; yet kindly take,
d read it oft and oft,—for others' ſake:
faireſt light their duty then they'll view,
e precept this, the bright example you.

LXXIV.

n preſenting Lord Lanſdown's Works to the Princeſs Royal.

WHEN we'd exalt ſome heavenly fair,
To ſome bright goddeſs we compare;
nerva, wiſdom; *Juno*, grace,
d *Venus* furniſhes the face!
royal *Anne*'s bright form is ſeen,
hat comprehends them all — the *queen*.

LXXV.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller,

On his drawing Lady Hyde's Picture.

NELLER, take heed, for vaſt is the deſign,
And madneſs 'twere for any hand, but thine:
mocking thunder bold Salmoneus dies,
'tis as raſh to imitate her eyes.

LXXVI.

o a fine Woman, too fond of praiſing her Huſband.

By Dr. Swift.

YOU always are making a god of your ſpouſe;
But this neither reaſon nor conſcience allows:
haps you will ſay, 'Tis in gratitude due,
d you *adore* him, becauſe he *adores* you.

Your argument's weak, and ſo you will find;
For you, by this rule, muſt *adore* all mankind.

LXXVII.

To a Friend, who had been abus'd by a Lib

By the ſame.

THE greateſt monarch may be ſtabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight;
And calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound
What's to be done? Shall wit and learning chuſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
By cenſure frighted, quit fair honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by Heav'n beſtow'd;
Or fearleſs enter in—thro' virtue's gate,
And buy *diſtinction*, at the deareſt rate.

LXXVIII.

To Mr. Pope.

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celeſtial fire;
While critics, and while bards, in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:
While wayward pens thy worth aſſail,
And envious tongues decry;
Theſe times tho' many a friend bewail,
Theſe times bewail not I:
But, when the world's loud praiſe is thine,
And ſpleen no more ſhall blame;
When with thy *Homer* thou ſhalt ſhine,
In one eſtabliſh'd fame:
When none ſhall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to ſee.

LXXIX.

The Parallel:

ween the illuſtrious John Churchill, Duke of Marl-borough, and the Rev. Charles Churchill, Poet.

N Anna's wars immortal Churchill roſe,
And, great in arms, ſubdu'd Britannia's foes:
reater Churchill now demands our praiſe,
the palm yields to the poetic bays:
' John fought nobly at his army's head,
ſlew his thouſands with the balls of lead;
muſt the hero to the bard ſubmit,
hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.

A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

BOOK II.

SATYRICAL.

I.

From the Greek:

By Mr. Prior.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth;
Sad *Heraclitus*, serious wretch, return
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

II. Cræ

II.

Crœsus and Diogenes.

THE *Lydian* prince is blam'd for wealth alone,
Tho' greater in his virtues than his throne:
Cynic churl is prais'd, of fame secure,
' void of ev'ry grace, but being poor:
wonder whence this partial judgment springs,
crouds are envious, and so few are kings.

From the LATIN.

III.

From the Latin of Buchanan.

KNOW not whether, in *Narcissus'* glass,
Matchless *Corinna*, you e'er saw your face:
this I know, with beauties all her own,
chless *Corinna* is inamour'd grown.
youth some reason for his frenzy had;
t made *him* so, made many others mad:
cause is less, therefore your madness more;
hout a rival you yourself adore.

IV.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 34.

By Mr. Hay.

HER father dead — alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.
mourner he, who must by praise be fee'd!
he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

V.

Lib. i. Ep. 39.

THE verſes, friend, which thou haſt read, are mine
But, as thou read'ſt them, they *may* paſs for thine.

VI.

Lib. ii. Ep. 3.

YOU ſay, you nothing owe; and ſo I ſay:
He only owes, who ſomething has to pay.

VII.

Ep. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown;
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

VIII.

Lib. iv. Ep. 78.

By Dr. Hoadly.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes her man,
And I muſt dine with lady Anne:
A ſilver ſervice loads the board;
Of eatables a ſlender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals, ſpare!
"I came to dine, and not to ſtare."

IX.

Ep. 79.

THRICE twenty years you've ſeen your graſs made hay
Your eye-brows too proclaim your hair is grey:
Yet through all quarters of the town you run;
At every ball and levee you make one:

great man ſtirs, but you are at his heels,
d never fail both thoſe who have the ſeals:
u never miſs St. James's; ever chat
lord or biſhop *this*, or general *that*.
youth leave trifles; have you not been told,
at, of all fools, no fool is like the old?

X.

Lib. vii. Ep. 3.

YOU aſk me, Why I have no verſes ſent?
For fear you ſhould return the compliment.

XI.

Ep. 75.

By Dr. Hoadley.

WHEN dukes in town aſk thee to dine,
To rule their roaſt, and ſmack their wine;
take thee to their country-ſeat,
make their dogs, or bleſs their meat—
! dream not on preferment ſoon—
ou'rt not their friend—but their buffoon.

XII.

Ep. 100.

WHEN, in the dark, on thy ſoft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting ſyren, in thy tongue;
hat flames, what darts, what anguiſh, I endur'd;
t, when the candle enter'd—I was cur'd.

XIII.

Lib. ix. Ep. 71.

OH! the degen'rate age! great Tully cry'd,
When Catiline deſign'd his parricide;

When kindred chiefs join'd battle on the plain,
Which mourn'd, in tears of blood, the ſubjects ſlain.
Oh! the degen'rate age! you loudly chatter:
What is the matter, Sir, what *is* the matter?
No civil diſcord now; no tyrant's pow'r;
Peaceful and joyous paſſes ev'ry hour:—
If you eſteem the age ſo wicked grown,
Blame not *our* morals for it, but your *own*.

XIV.

Lib. ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praiſe:—
They're incorrect, a brother poet ſays:
But let him rail; for, when I give a feaſt,
Am I to pleaſe the cook, or pleaſe the gueſt?

XV.

Lib. xii. Ep. 54.

THY hair and beard are of a diff'rent dye;
Short of one foot—diſtorted in an eye;
With all theſe tokens of a knave complete,
Should'ſt thou be *honeſt*, thou'rt a dev'liſh cheat!

XVI.

On the River Danube:

By Dr. Swift.

SEE how the wand'ring *Danube* flows,
Realms and religions parting!
A friend to all true *Chriſtian foes*,
To *Peter*, *Jack*, and *Martin*.

Now Proteſtant, and Papiſt now;
Not conſtant long to either;
At length an infidel does grow,
And ends his journey, neither.

Thus many a youth I've known ſet out,
Half Proteſtant, half Papiſt;
And, rambling long the world about,
Turn infidel and atheiſt.

XVII.

A Character of an old Rake.

SCORN'D by the wiſe, deteſted by the good,
Nor underſtanding aught, nor underſtood;
Profane, obſcene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud, without ſpirit; vain, without deſert:
Affecting paſſions vice has long ſubdu'd;
Deſperately gay—and impotently lewd:
And, as thy weak companions round thee ſit,
For eminence in *folly*, deem'd a *wit*.

XVIII.

Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney,

On his Books in Favour of a Vegetable Diet.

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didſt thy ſyſtem learn;
From Hippocrate thou haſt it not,
Nor Celſus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppoſe we own that milk is good,
And ſay the ſame of graſs;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an aſs.

Doctor! one new preſcription try,
(A friend's advice forgive;)
Eat graſs, reduce thyſelf, and die;
Thy patients then may live.

XIX.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.

MY ſyſtem, Doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;—
My blunders hurt myſelf alone,
But your's your deareſt friend.

Were you to milk and ſtraw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind preſcription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis nat'ral you ſhould bid me die,
That you yourſelf may live.

XX.

On a whole Length of Mr. Naſh, between the Buſts of Sir Iſaac Newton and Mr. Pope, in the Rooms at Bath.

By Lord Ch—f—d.

IMMORTAL *Newton* never ſpoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor *Pope* himſelf e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

The picture, plac'd the buſts between,
Gives ſatyr all its ſtrength:
Wiſdom and Wit are *little* ſeen,
But Folly at *full length*.

XXI. On

XXI.

On Mr. Naſh's Statue —

Not being plac'd in the Center of the Pump-room, where the Clock ſtands.

QUOTH Naſh to the clock, "ſtand out of my way:"
Quoth the clock, "Mr. Naſh, 'tis too late in the day
"For you to command whom you ought to obey.

"You are no monarch now, your pow'r's decry'd,
"And the whole corporation, to humble your pride,
"Have agreed, thus in public, to *ſet you aſide.*"

XXII.

On the Picture of King Charles II.

BEHOLD a witty, fooliſh king,
Whoſe faith no man relies on!
Who never *ſaid* a fooliſh thing,—
Nor ever did a wiſe one.

XXIII.

On King William's Exploits, during two Campaigns in Flanders.

THE author ſure muſt take great pains,
Who fairly writes his ſtory,
In which of theſe two laſt campaigns
He gain'd the greateſt glory:

For, while that he march'd on to fight,
Like hero, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his ſight,
And *Mons* within his hearing.

XXIV.

The Balance.

NOW Europe's balanc'd, neither ſide prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the ſcales.

XXV.

On the Ducheſs of Portſmouth's Picture.

WHO can on this picture look,
And not ſtraight be wonder-ſtruck,
That ſuch a wither'd, dowdy thing,
Should make a beggar of a king!
Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears;—
Falſe and fooliſh, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you ſee, and old:
In a word,—her haughty grace
Is whore in all things—but her face.

XXVI.

On a Prelate's going out of Church to wait on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

LORD *Pam* in the church (could you think it!) kneel'd down;
When told that the duke was juſt come to town;
His ſtation deſerting—unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God, to attend on his grace:
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no ſhare in his lordſhip's promotion.

XXVII.

On a fine Seat unfiniſhed.

WHEN *Ilion* roſe, to grace the fair deſign,
The walls were built by architects divine;

Neptune

Neptune and *Phœbus* left their heavenly bow'rs,
To form the baſtions, and erect the tow'rs:
Could *Gallio* hire his workmen from the ſkies,
To its juſt height his dome might then ariſe;
By their aſſiſtance reach the upper floor,
If gods would work—for men will truſt no more.

XXVIII.

By Mr. Pope.

MY lord complains—that Pope, ſtark mad with gardens,
Has lopp'd three trees, the value of three farthings;
"But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
"And, if he'll viſit me, I'll wave my right."—
What, on compulſion! and againſt my will!
A lord's acquaintance—let him file his bill.

XXIX.

From Mr. Prior.

TO *John* I ow'd great obligation,
But *John*, unhappily, thought fit
To publiſh it to all the nation——
Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

XXX.

In Chaucer's Style.

FULL oft doth *Mat* with *Topaz* dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh *Greek* wine:
But *Topaz* his own werke rehearſeth;
And *Mat* mote praiſe what *Topaz* verſeth:
Now, ſure as prieſt did e'er ſhrive ſinner,
Full hardly earneth *Mat* his dinner.

XXXI. By

XXXI.

By the ſame.

THY nags (the leaneſt things alive)
So very hard thou lov'ſt to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman ſay,
It coſt thee more in whips than hay.—

XXXII.

A ſmart Repartee.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reaſon can be given,
(Since marriage is a holy thing)
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women he reply'd;—
She quick returns the jeſt—
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a prieſt.

XXXIII.

LYE on! while my revenge ſhall be,
To ſpeak the very truth of thee!—

XXXIV.

The Fate of Envy.

YE little wits, that gleam'd a while,
When Pope vouchſaf'd a ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
How ſoon you fade away!
To compaſs Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours riſe;
Each lends his cloud, to put *him* out,
That rear'd him to the ſkies.

Alas!

las! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere,
There, he ſhall ever burn!
Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
And ſhall to earth return.

XXXV.

Extempore—By Lord B—.

WELL! Sir, ſuppoſe the buſt is a damn'd head;
Suppoſe that Pope's an elf;
All he can ſay for't, is, he neither made
The buſto nor himſelf.

XXXVI.

Friendly Advice to Mr. Pope.

WING'D by the muſe's god to riſe ſublime,
What has thy fame to fear from peeviſh rhyme!
Shalt thou, decreed till time's own death, to live,
Yet want the nobleſt courage—to forgive?
Slander'd in vain, *enjoy* the ſpleen of foes;
Yet theſe from *envy* hate; from *intereſt*, thoſe:
Built, like the firſt, your gratitude requires,
Since none can *envy*, till he firſt admires;
And *nature* tells the laſt his crime is *none*,
Who, to *your* intereſt, but prefers his *own*.

XXXVII.

The Plagiary.

MOORE always ſmiles, whenever he recites;
He ſmiles, you think, approving what he writes;
And yet, in this, no vanity is ſhown;
A *modeſt* man may like what's not his own.

XXXVIII. The

XXXVIII.

The Mutual Vouchers.

CARLO you ſay writes well, ſuppoſe it true;
You pawn your word for him, who'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

XXXIX.

On Shakeſpear reſtored.

'TIS generous, *Tibbald*, in thee and thy brothers
To help us thus to read the works of others;
Never for this can juſt returns be ſhewn,
For who will help us e'er to read thy own!

XL.

Par nobile fratrum.

BURNET and *Ducket*, friends in ſpite,
Came hiſſing forth in verſe;
Both were ſo forward, each would write,
So dull, each hung an a——.

Thus * amphiſbæna, I have read,
At either end aſſails;
None knows, which leads, or which is led,
For both heads are but tails.—

XLI.

On an obſcure Writer.

DEAR Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a mole;

* A kind of worm.

Above

bove ground never born to go,
hat mighty ſtir it keeps below!
o make a mole-hill all this ſtrife;
digs, pokes, undermines for life.
ow proud a little dirt to ſpread,
onſcious of nothing o'er its head!
ill lab'ring on, for want of eyes,
blunders into light—and dies!

XLII.

On the Grubſtreet Writers.

OF old, when the wags attack'd Colley Cibber,
As player, as bard, and odaic wine-bibber,
o a friend that adviſ'd him to anſwer their malice,
nd check, by reply, their extravagant ſallies,
o, no, quoth the laureat, with a ſmile of much glee,
hey write for a dinner which they ſha'n't get from me.

XLIII.

Anſwer.

SINCE the laureat, quoth *Dactyl*, is cruelly bent
Not to anſwer our malice, that we may keep Lent;
et him give up the bays, and return to the ſtage,
nd try, as an actor, to charm the dull age;
or, if he writes on,—o'er a glaſs and good chear
e ſhall feaſt on his odes,—at leaſt twice a year.

XLIV.

To Dr. Tr—p * on his Tranſlation of Virgil.

MIND but thy preaching, T——p, tranſlate no further:
it not written, "Thou ſhalt do no murther?"

* Though Dr. Tr—p's tranſlation of Virgil is not poetical, he yes the ſenſe of his author, and his notes are very judicious.

XLV. On

XLV.

On the ſame:—*From Dr. Young.*

IF at his title Tr—p had drop'd his quill,
Tr—p might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill;
But Tr—p, alas! (excuſe him if you can)
Is now a ſcribler, who was once a man.

XLVI.

On Glover's Leonidas, being compared to Virgil.

EQUAL to Virgil!—It may perhaps;
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trap's.

XLVII.

On a bad Tranſlation.

HIS work now done, he'll publiſh it no doubt;
For ſure I am, "that *murder* will *come out.*"

XLVIII.

On a certain Poet.

THY verſes are *eternal*, O! My friend,
For he that reads them, reads them to *no end.* *

XLIX.

On the Tranſlation of Suetonius.

By Dr. Philemon Holland.

PHILEMON with tranſlations does ſo fill us,
He will not let *Suetonius* be *Tranquillus.*

* Theſe are all inſtances of mixt wit,—but, as they have met with applauſe, are here inſerted.—See the Eſſay prefixed.

L.

On Mr. Cornelius Marten.

NIGRINUS leads a married life
Not with his own, but neighbour's wife;
And, tho' *Cornelius* knows it's thus,—
Still he's *Cornelius tacitus*.

LI.

On a Company of *bad* Dancers to *good* Muſic.

HOW ill the motion with the muſic ſuits!
So Orpheus fiddled—and ſo danc'd the brutes.

LII.

To a bad Fidler.

OLD Orpheus play'd ſo well he *mov'd* old Nick,
Whilſt thou *mov'ſt* nothing—but thy fiddle-ſtick.

LIII.

On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and a Cock at Blenheim.

HAD Marlb'rough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
Than *Van*, to grace his fame, in marble wrought;
No more in arms, than he in emblems ſkill'd,
The *cock* had drove the *lion* from the field.

LIV.

On the Bridge at Blenheim.

By Dr. Evans.

THE lofty arch his high ambition ſhews,
The ſtream, an emblem of his bounty, flows.

LV. On

LV.

On Dr. Evans's cutting down a Row of Trees at St. John's-College, Oxon.

INDULGENT nature on each kind beſtows
A ſecret inſtinct to diſcern its foes:
The gooſe, a ſilly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves; and ſailors ſteer from rocks;
Evans, the gallows, as his fate foreſees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

LVI.

On a bad Painter.

FABIUS, you ſay, is much inclin'd,
Each cheek with too much red to fill;
His pictures only *bluſh* to find
The painter draws their looks ſo ill.

LVII.

Prometheus ill-painted.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' fate appear!
Whilſt he his ſecond miſery ſuffers here;
Draw him no more; left, as he tortur'd ſtands,
He blame great *Jove*'s leſs than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty out-do,
If once again his liver thus ſhould grow:
Pity him, Jove, and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once ſtole from thee grant him now!

LVIII.

The Antidote.

WHEN *Leſbia* firſt I ſaw, ſo heavenly fair,
With eyes ſo bright, and with that awful air;
I thoug

thought my heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
s bold as his who ſnatch'd celeſtial fire:
ut, ſoon as e'er the beauteous idiot ſpoke,
orth from her coral lips ſuch folly broke;
ike balm the trickling nonſenſe heal'd my wound,
nd what her *eyes* enthrall'd, her *tongue* unbound.

LIX.

On the ſame Subject.

SELINDA ſure's the brighteſt thing,
That decks our earth, or breathes our air
ild are her looks, like op'ning ſpring,
And like the blooming ſummer fair.

ut yet her wit's ſo very ſmall,
That all her charms appear to lie,
ike glaring colours on a wall,
And ſtrike no further than the eye.

ur eyes luxuriouſly ſhe treats,
Our ears are abſent from the feaſt;
ne ſenſe is ſurfeited with ſweets,
Starv'd or diſguſted are the reſt.

o have I ſeen, with aſpect bright,
And tawdry pride, a tulip ſwell,
looming and beauteous to the ſight,
Dull and inſipid to the ſmell.

LX.

Short-liv'd Beauty.

BEAUTY is but a ſhort-liv'd flower,
Alas! too ſubject to decay,
hat blooms, th' amuſement of an hour,
And ſheds its glory with the day.

Whoeve

Whoever ancient *Phyllis* knows,
Will find this literally true;
Mark on her cheeks the bluſhing roſe,
Short-liv'd, as on the tree it grew.

Tho' on the beauties of each feature
Th' embelliſhments of art are laid,
Yet all her charms, to copy nature,
Bloom in the morn, at ev'ning fade.

LXI.

By Lord Lanſdown.

BRIGHT as the day, and as the morning fair,
Such Cloe is—and common as the air.

LXII.

The Fate of Artifice.

IN church, the pray'r-book, and the fan diſplay'd,
And ſolemn curt'ſies, ſhew the wily maid;
At plays, the leering looks and wanton airs,
And nods, and ſmiles, are fondly meant for ſnares:
Alas! vain charmer, you no lover get,
There you ſeem hypocrite, and here coquet.

LXIII.

The Female Prattler.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You ſcold, repeat, and ſing and ſay,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever ceaſe.

Forbear, my *Fannia*; Oh, forbear,
If your own health or our's you prize;
For all mankind that hear you ſwear,
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

ur tongue's a traitor to your face,
our fame's by your own noiſe obſcur'd;
are diſtracted while they gaze,
But, if they liſten, they are cur'd.

ur ſilence would acquire more praiſe,
han all you ſay, or all you write;
look ten thouſand charms diſplays,
hen huſh! – and be an angel quite.

LXIV.

To a painted Lady.

EAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dreſs,
And nature's failing honeſtly confeſs:
ible we ſee thoſe faults, which art would mend,
n downright uglineſs would leſs offend.

LXV.

On a homely Lady that patched much.

OUR homely face, *Flippanta*, you diſguiſe,
With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes;
wn that patching's requiſite for you,
more we're pleaſed, if leſs your face we view:
I adviſe, if my advice you'd aſk,
ar but one patch,—but be that patch a *maſk*.

LXVI.

On the Marriage of an Old Maid.

LOE a coquet in her prime,
The vaineſt fickleſt thing alive;
hold the ſtrange effects of time!
Marries and dotes at forty-five.

us weathercocks, who, for a while,
Have turn'd about with every blaſt,

Grown old, and deſtitute of oil,
Ruſt to a point and fix at laſt.

LXVII.

Ill judged Expence.

SYLVIA, methinks, you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For, tho' we all allow you wit,
We can't a handſome face:
Then where's the pleaſure, where's the good
Of ſpending time and coſt?
For, if your wit's not underſtood,
Your keeper's bliſs is loſt.

LXVIII.

By Swift.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their Orpheus alon
But ſuch is thy av'rice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have dy

LXIX.

On Wedlock.

NO more, O Rome, thy modern creed defend:
No more for ſeven ſacraments contend;
Each wedded wretch can readily confute
Thy boaſted arguments in this diſpute,
For all, by ſad experience taught, proclaim,
Penance and matrimony are the ſame.

LXX.

On Indulgences at Rome.

IF without gold ſalvation can't be bought,
How curs'd the wretch,—who is not worth a groat!

But, if Chriſt's death for all has purchas'd peace,
Rejoice, ye poor, and let your miſery ceaſe.

LXXI.

On a Modern Fine Lady.

COULD our firſt father, at his toilſome plough,
Thorns in his path, and labour on his brow;
Cloath'd only in a rude, unpoliſhed ſkin,
Could he a vain fantaſtic nymph have ſeen,
In all her airs, in all her modern graces,
Her various faſhions and more various faces;
How had it puzzled him, who late aſſign'd
Juſt appellations to each ſeveral kind,
A right idea of the ſight to frame,
To gueſs from what new element ſhe came,
To fix the wavering form, and give the *thing* a *name?*

LXXII.

On an ancient Gentlewoman who painted.

COSMELIA's charms inſpire my lays,
Who, fair in nature's ſcorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like *Glaſtonbury* thorn.

Fe'er impatient of the bliſs
Into her arms you fall,
The plaiſter'd fair returns the kiſs,
Like Thiſbe, thro' a wall!

LXXIII.

The Oracle.

A Nymph and a ſwain to Apollo once pray'd,
The ſwain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd;
They came then to try, if his oracle knew,
Wer a nymph that was chaſte, or a ſwain that was true.

Apollo ſtood mute, and had almoſt been pos'd;
At length he thus ſagely the queſtion diſclos'd:
" * He alone may be true, in whom none will confide;
" And the nymph may be chaſte—that has never been try'd.

LXXIV.

THOU'lt fight, if any man call Phœbe wh—re;
That ſhe is thine, what can proclaim it more!

LXXV.

On the Death of Queen Mary, and of t Marſhal Luxemburgh.

BEHOLD, Dutch prince, here lie th' unconquer'd pa
Who knew your ſtrength in love, and ſtrength in wa
Unequal match! from both no conqueſt gains,
No trophy of your love, or war, remains.

LXXVI.

On the Alliance between Spain and Germany 1726.

NEVER before did fate diſpenſe
A friendſhip every way ſo meet;
Great *Charles*'s hope is *Philip's ſenſe*,
And *Philip*'s truſt is *Charles*'s fleet.

LXXVII.

Effectual Malice.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes moleſt,
Cotin's the ſharpeſt,—and ſucceeds the beſt;

* This is inſerted, as having met with applauſe, in the laſt age; ſeveral to the ſame purpoſe have been omitted, as the inſinuation is polite and of immoral tendency.

Oth

Others outrageous ſcold, and rail downright
With ſerious rancour, and true *Chriſtian* ſpite:
But he, more ſly, purſues his fell deſign,——
Writes ſcoundrel verſes,—and then ſays they're mine.

LXXVIII.

To a Perſon who wrote ill, and ſpoke worſe of the Author.

LIE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable ſhelf,
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed thee!
I've no envy to thee, and ſome love to myſelf—
Then why ſhould I anſwer, ſince firſt I muſt read thee.

Purſue me with ſatyr; what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou ſhall print,
There may be a little from what thou ſhalt ſwear.

LXXIX.

The Scribbler.

WHILE, faſter than his coſtive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes,—
His caſe appears to me, like honeſt Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.—
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himſelf command;
Quicken his ſenſes or reſtrain his hand:
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;—
So may he ceaſe to write—and learn to think.—

LXXX.

ARTHUR, they ſay, has wit; for what?
For writing? No; for writing not.

LXXXI.

From Buchanan.

THOU ſpeak'ſt always ill of me,—
I ſpeak always well of thee;—
But, ſpite of all our noiſe and pother,
The world believes nor one, nor t'other.

LXXXII.

On Sir Richard Blackmore's Job.

POOR *Job* loſt all the comforts of his life,
And hardly ſav'd a potſherd and a wife.
Yet *Job* bleſs'd God, and Job again was bleſt;
His virtue was aſſay'd—and bore the teſt.
But, had Heaven's wrath pour'd out its fierceſt phial,
Had he been *thus* burleſqu'd—without denial,
The patient man had yielded to that trial:
His pious ſpouſe, with Blackmore on her ſide,
Muſt have prevail'd—Job had *blaſphem'd* and dy'd.

LXXXIII.

On the ſame.

THY ſatyr's harmleſs—'tis thy proſe that kills,
When thou preſcrib'ſt thy potions and thy pills.—

LXXXIV.

On the ſame.

I Charge thee, knight, in great Apollo's name,
If thou'rt not dead to all reproof or ſhame,
Either thy rhymes, or clyſters, to diſclaim.
Both are too much, our feeble brain to rack;
Beſides, the bard will ſoon undo the quack;
Such ſhoals of readers thy damn'd fuſtian kills,
Thou'lt ſcarce leave one alive to take thy pills.

LXXXV. T

LXXXV.

To the Author of the *Satire* againſt *Wit*.

SOME ſcribbling fops ſo little value fame,
They ſometimes hit, becauſe they never aim:
But thou for erring haſt a certain rule,
And aiming art inviolably dull:
Thy muddy ſtream no lucid drop ſupplies,
But puns, like bubbles, on the ſurface riſe;
All that for wit you could, you've kindly done;
You cannot write, but can be writ upon:
And a like fate doth either ſide befit,
Immortal dulneſs, or immortal wit;
In juſt extremes an equal merit lies,
And *Boyle* and *Garth* with thee muſt ſhare the prize;
Since thou canſt ſink, as much as they can riſe.

LXXXVI.

From Prior.

YES, every poet is a fool;
By demonſtration Ned can ſhew it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

LXXXVII.

A Compliment to the Ladies.

WE men have many faults,
Poor women have but two:——,
There's nothing good they ſay;
There's nothing good they do.

LXXXVIII.

Woman's Reſolution.

OH! cry'd Arſenia, long in wedlock bleſt,
Her head reclining on her huſband's breaſt,

" Should death divide thee from thy doating wife,
" What comfort could be found in widow'd life?
" How the thought ſhakes me!—Heav'n my Strephon ſave,
" Or give the loſt *Arſenia* half his grave."
Jove heard the lovely mourner and approv'd:
" And ſhould not wives, like this, (ſaid he) be lov'd?
" Take the ſoft mourner at her word, and try,
" How deeply rooted woman's vows can lie."
'Twas ſaid and done—the tender Strephon dy'd;
Arſenia two long months—t'out-live him try'd;
But in the third—alas!—became a bride.

LXXXIX.

The Modern Penitents.

WHEN Iſrael's daughters mourn'd their paſt offences,
They dealt in ſack-cloth, and turn'd cinder-wenches:
The *Richmond* fair ones ne'er will ſpoil their locks:
They uſe white powder, and wear Holland ſmocks.
O beauteous church! where females think clean linnen
As decent to repent in, as to ſin in.

XC.

On an affected Old Maid.

LET age and envious time do what they will,
Cloe remains the ſame ſoft creature ſtill,
In her firſt coat, as when ſhe romp'd and ſmil'd.
A babe in years, at ſixty ſtill a child,

XCI.

On a fair Pedant.

THO' Artemiſia talks by fits,
Of councils, fathers, claſſics, wits,
Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*;

Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails;—
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.--

XCII.

Æneas and Creuſa.

WHEN on his back, thro' hoſtile ſwords and fire,
The Trojan hero bore his aged ſire,
Juſt Heav'n rewarded well the pious deed,
Death ſeiz'd his wife—and the good man was freed.

XCIII.

The Scourge.

WHEN Pharaoh's ſons provok'd th' Almighty's hand
To pour his wrath upon the guilty land,—
A tenfold plague the great avenger ſhed,—
The king offended, and the nation bled.
Hadſt thou, unaided *Feria*, but been ſent,
Thial elect, for Pharaoh's puniſhment,
Thro' what a various courſe the wretch had run!
Se more than Heaven's *ten* plagues had felt in *one*.

XCIV.

On an old Rake.

HOARY Apicius, like Sicilia's mount *,
Tho' winter veils his venerable front,
Tho' his grave head is cover'd o'er with ſnow,
Yet labours with inceſſant fires below.

XCV.

To a prudiſh Lady left alone with a Gentleman.

WHY then that bluſh? Allay that needleſs fear;
Miſtaken maid! no raviſher is near.

* Ætna.

When thou art next in danger, aſk thy glaſs,
Would any forfeit heaven for *ſuch* a face?
Whoe'er attempts thy virtue to abuſe,
Offends without temptation or excuſe;
Whoe'er thy chaſtity would then moleſt,
Shew 'em thy face, and that will guard the reſt.

XCVI.

Hardſhip upon the Ladies, *or*, the Drudgery of Cards:

By Swift.

WHAT tho', fair nymphs, your buſineſs is to play,
'Tis hard you muſt be buſy night and day.
Why ſhould you want the privilege of men,
Not take ſome ſmall diverſion now and then!
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And, that they were not, I can ſee no cauſe)
The men ſhould *drudge* at cards, from morn to night;
And female *pleaſure* be to *read* and *write*.

XCVII.

Bigots to Incredulity.

WHAT legions of fables, and whimſical tales,
Paſs current for goſpel, where prieſt-craft prevails!
Our anceſtors thus were moſt ſtrangely deceiv'd,
What ſtories of goblins for truth they believ'd!
But we, their wiſe ſons, who theſe fables reject,
Even truth, now a-days, are apt to ſuſpect:
From believing too much, the right faith we let fall;
So now we believe—juſt nothing at all!—

XCVIII.

The polite Caſuiſts.

OUR fathers took oaths, as of old they did wives,
To have and to hold for the term of their lives:

But we take our oaths, like whores, for our eaſe,
And a whore and a rogue may part when they pleaſe.

XCIX.

The Victory.

UNHAPPY *Chremes*, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his ſheep, and fatted half his deer;
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke.
And injured ſtill the more, the more he ſpoke:
At length, reſolv'd his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right, by ſtatute and by law;
A ſuit in Chancery the wretch begun:
Nine happy terms, thro' bill and anſwer, run,
Obtain'd his cauſe,—had coſts and—was undone.

C.

On our imitating the French.

THE formal ape endeavours, all he can,
With antic tricks to imitate a man;
Pariſian fops no leſs ambitious ſeem
To have a face, an air, a tail like them.
From whom our taſte thus only diſagrees,
Theſe mimic apes—and we but mimic theſe.

CI.

On a ſlender Collection for Charity at Bath.

SO little given at the church-door!—
This people doubtleſs muſt be poor!
So much at gaming thrown away!
No nation, ſure, ſo rich as they.—
Britons, 'twere greatly for your glory,
Should thoſe, who ſhall tranſmit your ſtory,
Their notions of your grandeur frame,
Not as you *give*—but as you *game*.

CII.

On the Buſto's in Queen Caroline's Grotto.

By Dr. Swift.

LEWIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the ſcientific head:
Our queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raiſes thoſe heads which cannot eat.

CIII.

Anſwered.

OUR queen, more anxious to be juſt,
Than flatter'd, rears the living buſt,
To thoſe among the learned tribe,
Whom, Lewis-like, ſhe cannot bribe.

CIV.

On a Regiment ſent to Oxford, and a Preſent of Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715.

THE king, obſerving with judicious eyes,
The ſtate of both his univerſities,
To one he ſent a regiment; for why?
That *learned* body wanted loyalty:—
To th' other he ſent books, as well diſcerning,
How much that *loyal* body wanted learning.

CV.

The friendly Conteſt.

WHILE *Cam* and *Iſis* their *ſad* tribute bring
Of rival grief to weep their pious king,

The bards of *Isis* half had been forgot,
Had not the ſons of *Cam* in pity wrote;
From their learn'd brothers, they took off the curſe,
And prov'd their verſe not bad—by writing worſe.

CVI.

An honeſt Prejudice.

A Cambridge ſoph, juſt freed from band and gown,
Went to the ſermon, with his friend in town.
The doctor, not a Sherlock, I ſuppoſe,
Soon lull'd his audience to a ſweet repoſe.
When, now, the ſlumberous charm was at an end,
Up ſtarts Cantab, and wakes his drowſy friend:
He rubb'd his eyes, and curs'd the ſtupid preacher,
And, pray, ſays he, d'you know this learned teacher?
No! cries the ſoph; but, 'ere the drone began,
I knew our fate—for he's an *Oxford man*.

CVII.

To Cardinal *Richlieu*.

SICK of a life, poſſeſs'd in vain,
I ſoon ſhall wait upon the ghoſt
Of our late monarch; in whoſe reign,
None, who had merit, miſs'd a poſt.

Then will I charm him with your name,
And all your glorious wonders done;
The pow'r of *France*,—the *Spaniards* ſhame,
The riſing honours of his ſon.

Grateful, the royal ſhade will ſmile,
And dwell, delighted, on your name;
Sweetly appeas'd, his griefs beguile,
And drown old loſſes in new fame.

But when he aſks me, in what poſt
I did your wiſh'd commands obey,
And how I ſhar'd your favours moſt;
——What would you pleaſe to have me ſay?

N. B. To this the cardinal anſwer'd—"Nothing.—"

CVIII. On

CVIII.

On the Barrenneſs of the Highlands.

HAD Cain been *Scot* *, God had revers'd his doom;
Not forc'd to wander, but confin'd at home.

CIX.

To Lord ——.

WE thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a ſmall eſtate,
While, by your humble ſelf alone,
You ſeem'd unrated and unknown.

But now, on Fortune's ſwelling tide
High-borne, in all the pomp of pride;
Of grandeur vain, and fond of pelf;
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourſelf.

CX.

Ch—ch—ll diſſected:

Written in Auguſt, 1764.

A MAN, without one feeling for his kind;
Without one ſeed of goodneſs in his mind:
Intent, on all he hates, to pour his rage,
Reſpecting neither merit, rank, nor age:
His characters to his own manners ſuits;
A *bear*, exhibiting a ſhew of brutes:
But deviates ſtill from ſatyr's *moral* plan;
He makes a monſter whom God made a man:
And, while by ſlanders foul he courts applauſe,
Appears the very villain that he draws.

* The popularity of this epigram is a ſtriking inſtance of the honeſt prejudice of a true Engliſhman, in favour of his own country.

A COL-

A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

BOOK III.

AMOROUS.

I.

From the Greek:

By Dr. Swift.

TWO goddeſſes now muſt *Cyprus* adore;
The muſes are ten, the graces are four:
Stella's wit is ſo charming, ſo ſweet her fair face,
She ſhines a new *Venus*, a *muſe*, and a *grace*.

II.

From the Greek.

NO colours, laid by pencil on,
Can match her eye, her ſkin, her hair!
Who paints the ſplendor of the ſun,
May paint the beauty of the fair!

III. From

III.

From the Greek.

IF youth and beauty fade, my dear,
Impart them wiſely, whilſt you may:—
If ſtill they laſt, why ſhould you fear
To give what none can *give* away.

IV.

The Greek paraphraſed.

IF the quick ſpirit, Delia, in your eye,
'Ere long will languiſh, and muſt one day die;
If every beauty, every youthful grace,
Muſt ſurely fly from that forſaken face;
Then let us, lovely charmer, reap our joys,
'Ere cruel time ſuch goodly fruit deſtroys.

But, if thoſe jetty locks muſt ever grow,
Nor e'er be whiten'd o'er with age's ſnow;
If thoſe bright ſuns, thy eyes, muſt know no ſhade,
And thy now blooming beauties never fade;
Then ſcruple not, my Delia, to beſtow
What, freely gather'd, ſhall as freely grow.

Thus, nymph, whate'er the effects of time may prove,
They furniſh motives ſtrong for preſent love.

V.

From the Latin of Auſonius,

Epig. 105.

LONG did great *Jove* the weighty point debate,
Whether a nymph or goddeſs to create:
Irreſolute, he cry'd, "What muſt be done?—
"We'll form a nymph and goddeſs both in one:

"But,

" But, from what pattern, of celeſtial race,
" The features of her heav'nly part to trace?
" Shall lovely *Venus* to the picture ſit?
" Or *Pallas* lend her air and ſprightly wit?
Still unreſolv'd, thus to the lovely maid,
As *bright* ſhe roſe, " Be both at once," he ſaid:
Hence both, in thy lov'd compoſition, meet,
As *Pallas* graceful, and as *Venus* ſweet.

VI.

From Auſonius:

By Mr. Prior.

VENUS, take my votive glaſs!
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I ſhall be,
Venus, let me never ſee!

VII.

From Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 16.

By Mr. M—lm—th.

WHEN from her breaſt chaſte Arria ſnatch'd the ſword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord;
My wound, ſhe ſaid, believe me, does not ſmart,
But thine alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

VIII.

Lib. i. Ep. 58.

YOU aſk me, my friend, what laſs I'd enjoy?
I'd have one that is neither too coming—nor coy;
A medium is beſt; that gives us no pain
By too much indulgence—nor too much diſdain.

IX. From

IX.

From Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 69.

LET *Rufus* weep, rejoice, ſtand, ſit, or walk;—
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk:—
Let him eat, drink, aſk queſtions, or diſpute;
Still he muſt talk of *Nævia*, or be mute.
He wrote to his father ending with this line:
"I am, my lovely *Nævia!* ever thine."——

X.

Lib. vi. Ep. 34.

By Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

COME, Cloe, and give me ſweet kiſſes,
For ſweeter ſure never girl gave;
But why, in the midſt of my bliſſes,
Do you aſk me how many I'd have?

I'm not to be ſtinted in pleaſure,
Then, prithee, my charmer, be kind;
For, while I love thee above meaſure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing;
Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields;
Count the flocks that on Tempe are ſtraying;
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields.

Go number the ſtars in the heaven;
Count how many ſands on the ſhore:
When ſo many kiſſes you've given,
I ſtill ſhall be craving for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee;
To a heart which, dear Cloe, is thine:
With my arms I'll for ever infold thee,
And twiſt round thy limbs, like a vine.

What

What joy can be greater than this is!
My life on thy lips ſhall be ſpent;
But the wretch that can number his kiſſes,
With few will be ever content.

XI.

The *Je ne ſçay quoi*:

By Mr. M. Whitehead.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And *Cælia* has undone me;
And yet I'll ſwear I can't tell how
The pleaſing plague ſtole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel:
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for ſure in that
There's nothing more than common:
And all her ſenſe is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm,—
'Twas both perhaps—or neither:
In ſhort, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Cælia altogether.

XII.

The Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied:

From Waller.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inſpir'd train,
Fair *Sacchariſſa* lov'd—but lov'd in vain.

Like

Like *Phœbus* ſung the no leſs am'rous boy;
Like *Daphne* ſhe, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph purſues;
With numbers ſuch as *Phœbus'* ſelf might uſe!
Such is the chace, where love and fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains and thro' flow'ry meads;
Invok'd to teſtify the lover's care,
Or form ſome image of his cruel fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er theſe he fled; and, now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay.
Yet, what he ſung, in his immortal ſtrain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All but the nymph, that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

XIII.

On a Lady's Girdle:

By the ſame.

THAT which her ſlender waiſt confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremeſt *ſphere*,
The pale which held that lovely *deer*;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

XIV. Unde

XIV.

Under a Lady's Picture:

By the ſame.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the boy,
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his Troy?
But, had like virtue ſhone in that fair Greek,
The am'rous ſhepherd had not dar'd to ſeek
Or hope for pity; but, with ſilent moan,
And better fate, had periſhed alone.

XV.

Love-Tears.

BOAST not thy golden ſhow'r, great *Jove!* Behold,
Cupid deſcends in ſhow'rs more rich than gold!

XVI.

To a Painter, drawing a Lady's Picture.

THE * wretch, that Jove's artillery feign'd ſo well,
By real thunder and true lightning fell;
How then dar'ſt thou, with equal danger, try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye?
Painter, deſiſt! or ſoon th' event will prove,
That *Love*'s as jealous of his arms as *Jove*.

XVII.

To a Lady, playing on the Lute.

TO burning *Rome* when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had ſurvey'd
The raging flames; but, ſtruck with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
Confeſs'd them leſs than thoſe of Anna's eyes:

But,

* Salmoneus.

But, had he heard thy lute, he ſoon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd:
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the ſtone,
And from deſtruction call'd the riſing town:
Malice to muſic had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn ſo faſt as thou couldſt build.

XVIII.

To a Lady ſtung by a Bee.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my *Delia*'s face,
Its honey to the part ſhe laid,
And bade me kiſs the place:

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and, from the wound,
Suck'd both the ſweet and ſmart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The ſting within my heart.

XIX.

On being expell'd a Lady's Company.

THUS *Adam* look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
And thus diſputed orders ſent from heav'n:
Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth;
Like him I go, for *angels* drive us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine ſtill more unkind;
His *Eve* went with him, but mine ſtays behind.

XX.

The Modeſt Swain.

WHEN firſt I gaz'd on *Cloe*'s face,
And ſaw each killing eye,
I thought 'twas heav'n — and ſo it was,
But not for ſuch as I.

XXI.

By Mr. N—g—nt.

THO' chearful, diſcreet, and with freedom well-bred,
She never repented an idle word ſaid:
Securely ſhe ſmiles on the forward and bold,
They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

XXII.

Written in a Lady's *Sherlock* upon Death:

By Lord Ch—rf—ld.

MISTAKEN fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For, whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon without a maſter;
Then let us only ſtudy now,
How we may live the faſter.

To live's to love, to bleſs, be bleſs'd,
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breaſt,
And kindly meet my paſſion.

But, if thus bleſs'd I may not live,
And pity you deny;
To me at leaſt your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

XXIII.

To a Lady, with a new Watch:

By Lord L———.

WITH me while preſent, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleaſing hour too ſwiftly flies,
And meaſure time by joy ſucceeding joy.

But when the cares, that interrupt our bliſs,
To me not always will thy ſight allow;
Then oft, with kind impatience, look on this,
Then ev'ry minute count—as I do now.

XXIV.

By the ſame.

NONE, without hope, e'er lov'd the brighteſt fair;
But love can hope where reaſon would deſpair.

XXV.

Conſtancy.

TRUE conſtancy no time, no pow'r can move;
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

XXVI.

The Folly of Love.

DID love, like agues, ever intermit,
How ſhould we bluſh, in abſence of the fit!

XXVII.

Jealouſy.

THE ſhaken tree grows faſter at the root;
And love grows firmer for ſome blaſts of doubt.

XXVIII.

On a Fan:

By Dr. Atterbury—in his Youth.

FLAVIA the leaſt and ſlighteſt toy
Can with reſiſtleſs art employ.
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of ſmall force in love;

Yet ſhe, with graceful air and mien,
Nor to be told, or ſafely ſeen,
Directs its wanton motion ſo,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolneſs to the matchleſs dame,
To every other breaſt a flame.

XXIX.

On a Handkerchief worked by Mrs. ——

By Lord Lanſdown.

WHEN Myra caſts around her conquering eyes,
A thouſand victims fall a ſacrifice.
So bounds her charms acknowledge, but her will;
And whereſoe'er ſhe darts a look can kill.
Why ſhould ſhe then new artifices find,
T'extend her pow'r, and vanquiſh human kind?
Cannot the pointed rays, ſhot from her eyes,
Her graceful perſon, and her air ſuffice?
But ſhe muſt triumph in acquir'd art,
And turn her very needle to a dart.

XXX.

By the ſame.

CLOE, now married, looks at men no more:
Why then, 'tis plain, for what ſhe look'd before.

XXXI.

A Patch upon a Lady's Face.

THAT artful ſpeck upon her face
Had been a foil on one leſs fair;
For her it hides a wounding grace,
And ſhe, in mercy, plac'd it there.

XXXII.

Written in a Lady's Pocket-Book.

WITH what ſtrange raptures would my ſoul be bleſt,
Were but her book an emblem of her breaſt?
As I, from that, all former marks efface,
And, uncontroul'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chace all others from her heart,
And my own image in the room impart!
But, ah! how ſhort the bliſs would prove, if he
Who ſeiz'd it next, might do the ſame by me!

XXXIII.

CLOE's the wonder of her ſex:
'Tis well her heart is tender,
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her?

But nature, graciouſly inclin'd,
Not bent to vex, but pleaſe us,
Has, to her boundleſs beauty, join'd
A boundleſs will to eaſe us.

XXXIV.

To Cloe weeping.

SEE, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair Cloe, ſee
The world in ſympathy with thee:
The chearful birds no longer ſing,
Each droops his head, and hangs his wing:
The clouds have bent their boſoms low'r,
And ſhed their ſorrows in a ſhow'r;
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs ſpeak their woe.
The nymphs and ſwains adopt thy cares,
They learn thy ſighs, and weep thy tears.

Fantaſtic nymph! that *grief* ſhould move
Thy heart obdurate againſt *love*:
Strange tears! whoſe pow'r can ſoften all,
But that dear breaſt on which they fall.

XXXV.

On a Lady with fine Eyes and a bad Voice.

LUCETTA's charms our hearts ſurpriſe,
At once, with love and wonder:
She bears Jove's *lightning* in her eyes,
But in her voice his thunder.—

XXXVI.

To Mira at a Review:

By Lord Lanſdown.

LET meaner beauties conquer ſingly ſtill,
But haughty Mira will by thouſands kill;
Through well-arm'd ranks triumphantly ſhe drives,
And with one glance commands a thouſand lives:
The trembling heroes nor reſiſt nor fly,
But at the head of all their ſquadrons die.

XXXVII.

Inſcription under a Statue of Cupid:

By the ſame.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and maſter ſee;
Thou *was't* my ſlave, thou *art*, or thou *ſhalt* be.

XXXVIII.

On Women:

By the ſame.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd; we play
A round or two; when us'd, we throw away:—

Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty leaving —

XXXIX.

The Relief:

By the ſame.

OF two reliefs to eaſe a love-ſick mind,
Flavia preſcribes deſpair: I urge, be kind.
Flavia, be kind; the remedy's as ſure:
'Tis the moſt pleaſant and the quickeſt cure.

XL.

To a Lady on her Parrot.

WHEN nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,
The gods diſguis'd were never known to fail.
Leda was chaſte, but yet a feather'd *Jove*
Surpris'd the fair, and taught her how to love:
There's no celeſtial, but his heav'n would quit
For any form, which might to you admit.
See! how the wanton bird, at every glance,
Swells his glad plumes, and feels an amorous trance;
The queen of beauty has forſook the dove,
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

XLI.

On a Lady viewing herſelf in a Stream.

BEHOLD theſe waves! ah, never at a ſtay!
How ſwift their courſe, how ſoon they glide away!
Each virgin's envy now, and lover's theme,
Thy beauties, Myra, are that fleeting ſtream.
Each, after each, how ſoon ſhall they retire?
Thy cheek reſign its bloom, thine eye its fire?

Myra

Myra, be loſt, new wonders to ſupply,
That other Myra's may be born—to die.

XLII.

To an angry Rival.

'TIS not the fear of death or ſmart
Makes me averſe to fight;
But to preſerve a tender heart,
Not mine, but *Cælia*'s right.

Then let your fury be ſuppreſs'd,
Not me, but *Cælia* ſpare;
Your ſword is welcome to my breaſt,
When *Cælia* is not there.

XLIII.

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to pleaſe;
Forgive a wond'ring youth's deſire:
Thoſe charms, thoſe virtues, when he ſees,
How can he ſee, and not admire?

While each the other ſtill improves,
The faireſt face, the faireſt mind;
Not, with the proverb, "he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind."

XLIV.

The charitable Fair-one.

BELINDA has ſuch wond'rous charms,
'Tis heaven to lie within her arms:
And ſhe's ſo charitably given,
She wiſhes all mankind in heaven.

XLV.

The Beauty of Innocence.

POOR *Selinda* goes to pray'rs,
If I but aſk the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Would ſhe could make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner.

XLVI.

On a Lady's Picture.

THE poet and the painter ſafely dare
To form an image of the proudeſt fair:
Your brighter charms, by laviſh nature wrought,
Tranſcend the painter's ſkill, and poet's thought.

XLVII.

To Julia throwing a Snow-Ball.

YOUNG wanton *Julia* flung the gather'd ſnow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow:
'Tis cold, I cried, but ah! too ſoon I found,
Sent by that hand, it dealt a ſcorching wound.
Reſiſtleſs fair! we fly thy power in vain,
Who turn'ſt to fiery darts the frozen rain.
Burn, *Julia*, burn like me; and that deſire,
With water, which thou kindleſt, quench *with fire* *.

* This kind of mix'd wit was much in vogue in the laſt age—"ap… ſæclum p.ius"—But is now ſo well underſtood, that young people ne… not be caution'd againſt a wrong-plac'd admiration.

XLVIII. Th…

XLVIII.

The Amorous Conteſt.

MY love and I for kiſſes play'd;
She would keep ſtakes; I was content:
ut, when I won, ſhe would be paid;
I, angry, aſk'd her, what ſhe meant?
ay, ſince, ſays ſhe, you wrangle thus in vain,
ive me my kiſſes back; take yours again!

XLIX.

Written on a Window, under a Vow againſt Matrimony.

THE Lady who this reſolution took,
Wrote it on glaſs, to ſhew it *might* be broke.

L.

On a Feather in a Lady's Hair.

F *Cloe* but wear it, a feather's a charm;
Ah! who can be ſafe, when ſuch weapons can harm?
ince firſt I beheld it, what a life have I led?
ll joy and content with that feather are fled.
ly, youth, from this beauty, whoever thou art;
nd, warn'd by the feather, beware of the dart.

LI.

On Mrs D——.

OH! D—— if fewer with thy charms are fir'd,
Than when by G——'s name thou waſt admir'd;
'is not that marriage makes thee ſeem leſs fair,
ut then we *hop'd*, and now we muſt *deſpair!*

LII.

On the Ducheſs of St. Alban's.—

THE line of *Vere*, ſo long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with luſtre in St. Alban's charms:
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete,
They roſe in valour, and in beauty ſet.

LIII.

On Lady Harriot Godolphin.

GODOLPHIN's eaſy and unpractis'd air
Gains without art, and governs without care;
Her conquering race with various fate ſurpriſe,
Who 'ſcape *their* arms, are captives to *her* eyes.

LIV.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
And now the *ſun* begins to riſe!
Leſs glorious is the morn, that breaks
From *his* bright beams, than *her* fair eyes.

With light united day they give;
But different fates, 'ere night, fulfill:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coolneſs kill!—

LV.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

SEE here, how bright the firſt-born virgin ſhone,
And how the firſt fond lover was undone!
Such charming words our beauteous mother ſpoke,
As *Milton* wrote; and, ſuch as yours, her look;

Yours,

Yours, the beſt copy of that perfect face,
Whoſe beauty was to furniſh all the race.
Such charms no author could eſcape but he;
There's no way to be ſafe, but not to ſee!

LVI.

From the French.

I Die with ſadneſs, if the bluſhing fair
These eyes adore, rejects her lover's pray'r;
I die with tranſport if her gentle ear
Is pleas'd her lover's ſoft complaint to hear.
How can a wretch ev'n hope his fate to ſhun,
Both by her rigour and her ſmiles undone?
Each way I look, I view my ruin ſure,
Fall by the wound, or periſh by the cure.

LVII.

On a Fan: In which the Story of *Cephalus* and *Procris* was painted, with the Motto, "*Aura veni.*"

COME, gentle air, th' *Æolian* ſhepherd ſaid,
While *Procris* panted in the ſecret ſhade.
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play:
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound.
Both gifts deſtructive to the giver prove;
Alike both lovers fall, by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives;
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.

LVIII.

By Mr. N—g—t.

I Lov'd thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow:
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere *perjury* to love thee now.

LIX.

By Lord Lyttl—n.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which pity and eſteem can move,
Which can be juſt and kind?
Is it becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that love moleſt!
The jealous doubt, the tender care
That rack the amorous breaſt?
Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain;
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

LX.

By Mr. N—g—t.

MY heart ſtill hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you:
Now we have liv'd three months aſunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

LXI.

By the ſame.

WHY like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou may'ſt rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?

I curſ

I curſe my fond enduring heart,
Which ſcorn'd preſumes not to be free;
Condemn'd to feel a double ſmart,
To hate myſelf and burn for thee.

LXII.

By the ſame.

LOVELY ſhines thy wedded fair,
Gentle as the yielding air:
Chearing as the ſolar beam;
Soothing as the fountain-ſtream.
Why then, jealous huſband, rail?
All may breathe the ambient gale,
Baſk in heaven's diffuſive ray,
Drink the ſtreams that paſs away.
All may ſhare unleſſening joy,
Why then, jealous, peeviſh boy?
Water, air, and light confine,
'Ere thou think'ſt her only thine.

LXIII.

Written in Silvia's Prior:

By D. G.

UNTOUCH'D by love, unmov'd by wit,
I found no charms in Matthew's lyre;
But unconcern'd read all he writ,
Tho' love and Phœbus did inſpire.

Till Sylvia took her favourite's part,
Reſolv'd to prove my judgment wrong—
Her proofs prevail'd, they reach'd my heart,
And ſoon I *felt* the poet's ſong.

LXIV.

On a Lady's Embroidery.

By the ſame.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,
A goddeſs at her art defied;
But ſoon the daring mortal fell
The hapleſs victim of her pride.

Oh! thou beware *Arachne's* fate;
Be prudent, Cloe, and ſubmit,
For you'll more ſurely feel her hate.
Who rival both her art and wit.

LXV.

To Lady H——y:

By Voltaire.

H——Y, would you know the paſſion
You have kindled in my breaſt,
Trifling is the inclination,
That by words can be expreſs'd.

In my *ſilence* ſee the lover,
True love is by ſilence known;
In my eyes you'll beſt diſcover
All the power of your own.

LXVI.

The Rattle.

KITTY's charming *voice* and face,
Syren-like, firſt caught my fancy;
Wit and humour next take place,
And now I doat on ſprightly *Nancy*.

Kitty

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
With airs moſt languiſhing and dying;
Calls me falſe ungrateful ſwain,
And tries in vain to ſhoot me flying.

Nancy, with reſiſtleſs art,
Always humourous, gáy, and witty,
Has *talk'd* herſelf into my heart,
And quite excluded *tuneful* Kitty.

Ah! *Kitty*, Love, a wanton boy,
Now pleas'd with ſong and now with prattle,
Still longing for the neweſt toy,
Has chang'd his whiſtle for a *rattle*.

LXVII.

Left upon a Young Lady's Toilette.

SOFT god of ſleep, when next you ſteal,
To charming Cælia's eyes,
To the dear maid in dreams reveal,
Who 'tis that for her dies.

But, ſhould the fair one be diſpleas'd,
At the unwelcome theme,
Fly her, and let her heart be eas'd
By finding it a *dream*.

LXVIII.

To a young Lady with a Pair of Gloves, on Valentine's Day, ſaid to be by Dr. B——y.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
The champion ſends his foe a glove;
But I that have a double ſhare
Of th' ſofter paſſion—ſend a pair.
Nor think it, deareſt Delia, cruel,
That I invite you to a duel.

Ready

Ready to meet you face to face,
At any time, in any place:
Nor ſhall I leave you in the lurch,
Tho' you ſhould dare to fix the church.
There come equipp'd with all your charms,
A ring and licence are my arms.
I will th' unequal conteſt try,
Reſolv'd to fight, tho' ſure to die.

LXIX.

To a Lady playing at Quadrille.

THREE Goddeſſes of old, on Ida's hill,
Sat with young *Paris*, playing at quadrille:
The ſhepherd held the hand; but whom to call,
That was the doubt; contention's fatal ball!
Diamond's proud monarch Juno wav'd on high,
Emblem of wealth, and pow'r, and majeſty.
But *Pallas*, hoping to inſpire the youth,
With love of virtue, and a zeal for truth,
Shew'd him the majeſty of ſpades, thereby
Inviting him to toil and induſtry;
Whilſt *Venus*, practiſing her uſual arts,
Glanc'd at him, thrice, the majeſty of hearts.
But oh! if you, Belinda, had been there,
Adorn'd with ſuch a face, with ſuch an air!—
So much good ſenſe with ſo much beauty join'd,
So fair a face inrich'd with ſuch a mind,
Would ſoon have fix'd his choice: In you we ſee
All the perfections of each deity.
There are no charms, but what your preſence brings,
And, play who will, yet you *hold* all the kings!

A COL

A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

BOOK IV.

MORAL.

I.

From the Greek of Solon.

SOME wicked men are rich, ſome good men poor;
Yet I'd not change my virtue for their ſtore.
Virtue's a ſure poſſeſſion, firm as fate,
Whilſt wealth now flies to this man, now to that.

II.

On the Gout.

FROM Love and Bacchus, nerve-relaxing,
Too frequently, no doubt,
Is born that other hopeful offspring
The nerve-relaxing gout.

III. Againſt

III.

Againſt Life:

From the Greek of Poſidippus.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by ſtrife,
Can mortals chuſe thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar—
There diſcord reigns, and endleſs jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe diſquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors ſweep the main:
If rich, we fear to loſe our ſtore;
Need and diſtreſs await the poor:
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
Friendleſs, forlorn, th' unmarry'd live:
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childleſs, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild, giddy ſchemes our youth engage;
Weakneſs and wants depreſs old-age.
Would fate then with my wiſh comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

F. F.

IV.

For Life:

From the Greek of Metroderus.

MANKIND may rove, unvex'd by ſtrife,
Thro' ev'ry road of human life.
Fair wiſdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war:
At home auſpicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind:
All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
And merchants plow for gold the main:
Reſpect ariſes from our ſtore;
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th' unmarried with more freedom live:

If

If parents, our bleſs'd lot we own;
Childleſs, we have no cauſe to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful ſtage;
And venerable hairs old-age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?"

F. F.

V.

Lucian's Greek Epigram,

Inſcribed on a Column erected in a Piece of Land, that had been often bought and ſold,

Imitated.

I, Whom thou ſe'eſt begirt with tow'ring oaks,
Was once the property of John o'Nokes;
On him proſperity no longer ſmiles,
And now I feed the flocks of John o'Stiles.
My former maſter call'd me by his name;
My preſent owner fondly does the ſame:
While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
Quick paſs to captors, purchaſers, or heirs.
Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
For, Fortune! Fortune! I am thine alone.

C. S.

VI.

From the Greek:

By Prior.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat aſſerts his dreadful ſire:
Nouriſh'd near ſhady rills and cooling ſtreams,
He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.
To all the brethren at the *Bell and Vine* *,
The moral ſays, "Mix water with your wine."

* A noted tavern.

VII. Solon's

VII.

Solon's ſeptennial Diviſion of Time.

THE *ſeven* firſt years of life, man's break of day,
Gleams of ſhort ſenſe, a dawn of thought diſplay:
When *fourteen* ſprings have bloom'd his downy cheek,
His ſoft and baſhful meanings learn to ſpeak:
From *twenty-one* proud manhood takes its date;
Yet is not ſtrength complete till *twenty-eight:*
Thence, to his *five-and-thirtieth*, life's gay fire
Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce deſire:
At *forty-two* his eyes grave wiſdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with care:
With *forty-nine* behold his toils increaſe,
And buſy hopes and fears diſturb his peace:
At *fifty-ſix* cool reaſon reigns intire,
Then life burns ſteady, and with temp'rate fire:
But *ſixty-three* unbends the body's ſtrength,
'Ere th' unweary'd mind has run her length:
And when, from *ſeventy*, age ſurveys her laſt,
T'ir'd, ſhe ſtops ſhort, and wiſhes all were paſt.

From the LATIN.

VIII.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 16.

By Mr. Hay.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommends
A friend) I rank amongſt my deareſt friends;
Remember you are now almoſt threeſcore;
Few days of life remain, if any more:

Defer

Defer not what no future time inſures,
And only what is paſt, eſteem that your's.
Succeſſive cares and trouble for you ſtay,
Pleaſure not ſo; it nimbly fleets away;
Then ſeize it faſt; embrace it 'ere it flies;
In the embrace it vaniſhes and dies.
"I'll live to-morrow," will a wiſe man ſay?
To-morrow is too late;—then live to-day.

IX.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 3.

WHY doſt thou come, great cenſor of the age,
To ſee the looſe diverſions of the ſtage?
With awful countenance and brow ſevere,
What, in the name of goodneſs, doſt thou here?
See the mix'd croud, how giddy, lewd, and vain!
Doſt thou come in but to go out again?

X.

Lib. i. Epig. 56.

SINCE you, whom all the world admires,
Would know what your poor friend deſires;
Some little ſpot of earth he prays,
To paſs *incognito* his days.
Who'd bear the noiſy pomp of ſtate,
Or croud of clients at his gate,
That might, in his own fields and wood,
Find his diverſion and his food?
His ponds with various fiſhes ſtor'd;
The bees for him their honey hoard:
A nut-brown laſs, both kind and neat,
To make his bed and dreſs his meat.
He that hates me, or likes not this,
May he ne'er taſte ſo ſweet a bliſs;
But, fool'd by riches and renown,
Still ſtay behind and rot in town.

XI.

Martial, Lib. ii. Ep. 80.

By Mr. Hay.

HIMSELF he ſlew, when he the foe would fly;
What madneſs this—for fear of death to die?

XII.

Lib. v. Ep. 42.

THIEVES may break locks, and with your caſh retire;
Your ancient ſeat may be conſum'd by fire:
Debtors refuſe to pay you what they owe;
Or your ungrateful field the ſeed you ſow:
You may be plunder'd by a jilting whore;
Your ſhips may ſink at ſea, with all their ſtore:
Who gives to friends, ſo much from fate ſecures;
That is the only wealth for ever your's.

XIII.

Ep. 52.

YOUR favours to me I remember well,
But do not mention them—becauſe *you* tell:
Whenever I begin, I'm anſwer'd ſtrait,
"I heard, from his own mouth, what you relate."
Two ill become the buſineſs but of one;
Be you but ſilent, I will ſpeak alone.
Great are your gifts; but, when proclaim'd around,
The obligation dies upon the ſound.

XIV.

Lib. vi. Ep. 25.

THOU true deſcendant of a worthy ſire,
Whom in the field the Ruſſian troops admire;

Take

Take the advice your friend at home thinks beſt,
And keep it like the military cheſt.
Let not your eager valour make you run
On a pike's point, or mouth of a great gun:
Thick ſkulls are beſt againſt a ſabre; you
May guard your country, and may grace it too.

XV.

To the Dean of L———d, on his obſerving that the Men of this Age are averſe to Matrimony:

By a young Lady.

YOU tell us, with a ſerious air,
What we without a ſigh can hear:
You ſay your ſex no longer deign
To pay their vows at Hymen's fane:
E'en let them take their final leave,
For little cauſe have *we* to grieve:
What does our ſex by marriage gain?
A plenteous ſhare of care and pain.
Soon as we give our hand away,
And utter that dread word *obey*,
Fair freedom inſtant takes its flight;
We bid adieu to each delight:
For, tho' we chance to wed a fool,
As huſband, he'll expect to rule;
Will think he's ſenſe enough to guide;
For all men have their ſhare of pride.—
Good-nature and good ſenſe are ſeen
But ſeldom to unite in men:
In ſome, I own, ſome few they join;
In thee conſpicuouſly they ſhine!
But, of mankind, how ſmall a part
Poſſeſs ſo good, ſo great a heart!

The

The nymph who in love's lott'ry tries,
Stands a poor chance—to gain a prize;
The beſt, when got, alas how ſmall!
Though for that prize we hazard all.

XVI.

To a young Lady, on her Birth-Day, being the Firſt of April.

LET others write with vain deſigns,
I ſeek ſome moral in my lines,
Which whoſoever reads muſt bear,
Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair;
Permit me then, with friendly lay,
To moraliſe your *April*-day.

Checquer'd, your natal month appears,
With ſunny gleams and cloudy tears;
'Tis thus the world our truſt beguiles,
Its frowns as tranſient as its ſmiles;
Nor pain nor pleaſure long will ſtay,
For life is but an *April*-day.

Health will not always laſt in bloom,
But age or ſickneſs ſurely come;
Are friends belov'd? why fate muſt ſeize
Or theſe from you, or you from theſe:
Forget not, earneſt in your play,
For youth is but an *April*-day.

When piety and fortune move
Your heart to try the bands of love,
As far as duty gives you pow'r,
Guiltleſs, enjoy the preſent hour:
Gather your roſe-buds while you may,
For love is but an *April*-day.

XVII.

From Prior.

BLESS'D be the princes who have fought
For pompous names or wide dominion;
Since, by their error, we are taught,
That happineſs is but opinion.

XVIII.

The Wiſh:

By Mr. Merrick.

MAY I, through life's uncertain tide,
Be ſtill from pain exempt;
May all my wants be ſtill ſupply'd;
My ſtate too low t'admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

But, ſhould your providence divine
A greater bliſs intend;
May all theſe bleſſings you deſign,
If e'er thoſe bleſſings ſhall be mine,
Be center'd in a friend!

XIX.

Fortune:

By Lord Lanſdown.

WHEN Fortune ſeems to ſmile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, ſome hidden miſchief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I ſtand upon my guard,
And, arm'd in virtue, keep my ſoul prepar'd.
Fickle and falſe to others ſhe may be;
I can complain but of her *conſtancy*.

XX. To

XX.

To a young Lady—on her breaking a Glaſs;

By her Brother.

SEE, ſiſter, in this ſhatter'd glaſs,
The fate of many a pretty laſs!
Woman, like glaſs, is frail and weak,
Is apt to ſlip, is apt to break;
Guard, therefore, ev'ry ſtep with caution,
For frail as glaſs is reputation:
Both broke to pieces in once falling,
For ever loſt, and paſt recalling.

XXI.

True Riches.

RICHES chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honour lulls us while we live;
Mirth's a cheat, and pleaſure flies.

Is then nothing worth our care?
Time, and chance, and death our foes;
If our joys ſo fleeting are,
Are we only ty'd to woes?

Let bright Virtue anſwer No;
Her eternal pow'rs prevail,
When honours, riches, ceaſe to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleaſure fail.

XXII.

The Old Gentry:

From Swift.

THAT all from Adam firſt begun
Sure none, but W——n, doubts;
And that his ſon, and his ſon's ſon,
Were plowmen, clowns, and louts.—

Here lies the only diff'rence now,
Some ſhot off late, ſome ſoon;
Your fires in the morning left off plough,
And ours in th' afternoon.

XXIII.

The Revenge of America:

By Mr. Warton.

WHEN Cortez' furious legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful genius roſe:
He ſat on Andes' topmoſt ſtone,
And heard a thouſand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To ſee huge *Plata* foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, ſtamp'd the ground,
To view his cities ſmoaking round.
What woes, he cry'd, hath luſt of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plund'rers proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye ſhall meet deſtruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine ſhall riſe
Th' inſatiate fiend, pale Avarice;
Whoſe ſteps ſhall trembling Juſtice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I ſee all Europe's children curſt
With lucre's univerſal thirſt:
The rage that ſweeps my ſons away
My baneful gold ſhall well repay.

XXIV.

Love and Jealouſy.

HOW much are they deceiv'd, who vainly ſtrive,
By jealous fears, to keep our flames alive!

Love's like a torch, which, if ſecur'd from blaſts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer laſts:
Expos'd to ſtorms of jealouſy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out.

XXV.

On a married State.

THE bed unchaſte, the harlot's eye,
A-while their captives may allure;
Beauty, and guiltleſs love, ſupply
A paſſion always to endure.

Where hearts, by virtue warm'd, unite,
Fate throws its angry ſhafts in vain;
This doubles ev'ry ſoft delight,
And leſſens ev'ry woe and pain.

XXVI.

Apology for Wedlock.

IN marriage are two happy things allow'd;
A wife in wedding-ſ[illegible]ts, and in a ſhrowd:
How can a marriage-ſtate then be accurs'd,
Since the laſt day's as happy as the firſt * ?

XXVII.

The Lady's Wiſh.

IF it be true, celeſtial pow'rs,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vaineſt hours,
My mind has been my care:

Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind;
What envious time takes from my face
Beſtow upon my mind.

* Falſe reaſoning.

XXVIII. By

XXVIII.

By Mr. Earl.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
Do various hearts ſurpriſe;
In Stella's ſoul lies all her pow'r,
And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundleſs Flavia's conqueſts are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can diſcern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarchs, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eaſtern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren ſands.

Then boaſt not, Flavia, thy fair face,
Thy beauty's only ſtore;
Thy charms will ev'ry day decreaſe;
Each day gives Stella more.

XXIX.

The Game of Life.

WHO has the better game, ſtill fears the end;
Who has the worſe, ſtill hopes his game will mend.

XXX.

From Prior.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty! ſays baron *le Crat*,
Perceiving his miſtreſs had one eye of glaſs;
And ſcarcely had he ſpoke it,
When ſhe, more confus'd as more angry ſhe grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true;
She dropp'd the eye and broke it.

XXXI.

On a Shadow.

THE ſun now clear, ſerene the golden ſkies,
Where'er you go, as faſt the ſhadow flies;
A cloud ſucceeds, the ſun-ſhine now is o'er,
The fleeting phantom, fled, is ſeen no more:
With your bright day its progreſs too does end;
See here, vain man! the picture of your friend.

XXXII.

The Mirrour.

WHEN I revolve this evaneſcent ſtate,
How fleeting is its form, how ſhort its date!
My being and my ſtay dependent ſtill,
Not on my own, but on another's will;
I aſk myſelf, as I my image view,
Which is the real ſhadow of the two?

XXXIII.

On Love.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed;
Deſtroy'd by knowledge, and, at beſt,
Loſt in the moment 'tis poſſeſs'd.

XXXIV.

The Deformity of Vice.

WOULD thou hadſt beauty leſs, or virtue more;
For nothing's uglier than a pretty whore.

XXXV. T

XXXV.

The Lady's Reſolve.

WHILST thirſt of praiſe, and vain deſire of fame,
In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtſhip pleas'd, of ſilly toaſters proud;
Fond of a train, and happy in a croud:
On each poor fool beſtowing ſome kind glance;
Each conqueſt owing to ſome looſe advance:
Whilſt vain coquettes affect to be purſu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not groſsly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;—
In part ſhe is to blame who has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

XXXVI.

The Bride.

WHEN the chaſte lamb is from her ſiſters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head,
The gazing flock, all envious at her pride,
Behold her ſkipping at the prieſteſs' ſide;
Each hopes the flow'ry wreath, with longing eyes,
While ſhe, alas! is led to ſacrifice:
Thus walks the bride, in all her ſtate array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtleſs maid.

XXXVII.

What is Thought?

THE hermit's ſolace in his cell;
The fire that warms the poet's brain;
The lover's heaven, or his hell;
The mad-man's ſport, the wiſe-man's pain.

XXXVIII.

On Fear:

From Sir Thomas More.

IF evils come not, then our fears are vain;
And, if they do, fear but augments the pain.

XXXIX.

Enemies.

TALK, as you pleaſe, of *Turk* and Pope—but I
Still find my neighbour my worſt enemy.

XL.

Mutual Pity.

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a ſlave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to ſee me grave.

'Tis thus that we two diſagree:
So diff'rent is our whim;
The fellow fondly laughs at me—
While I could cry for him.

XLI.

Superſtition.

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor. LUCRET.

THIS fav'rite maxim modern atheiſts boaſt,
"That *fear* firſt form'd the gods, tremendous hoſt;"
But let them ſay, the knotty point to clear,
If *fear* made gods, who made almighty *fear?*

XLII. The

XLII.

The Stage of Life.

OUR life's a journey in a winter's-day;
Some only *break* their *faſt*, and ſo away;
Others ſtay *dinner*, and depart full-fed,
The deepeſt age but *ſups* and goes to bed:
He's moſt in debt that lingers out the day;
Who dies betimes has leſs and leſs to pay.

XLIII.

True Riches.

IRUS, tho' wanting gold and lands,
Lives chearful, eaſy, and content;—
Corvus unbleſs'd, with twenty hands
Employ'd to count his yearly rent.

Sages of *Lombard!* tell me which
Of theſe you think poſſeſſes more?
One, with his poverty, is rich;
And one, with all his wealth, is poor.

XLIV.

Univerſal Complaiſance.

THRO' ſervile flattery thou doſt all commend—
Who cares to pleaſe, whom no man can offend?

XLV.

The Cure of Ambition.

TO curb th' ambitious, parſons preach,
And ſtories poets feign;
And what they frame, and what theſe teach,
Is all, alas! in vain.

One remedy is yet in ſtore,
Which may the mad-men ſave;
Tell 'em that *Brunſwic* is no more,
And ſhew them *William*'s grave.

XLVI.

The Emperor Hadrian to his departing Soul;

Imitated by Mr. Prior.

POOR, little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou plume thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'ſt not whither?

Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleaſing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And, penſive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

XLVII.

On the Death of a late Queen.

HOW ſoon frail royalty is o'er!
That fame-deluded monarchs truſt;
To-day their greatneſs we adore,
To-morrow trample on their duſt!

How near oblivion to renown!
The end of glory to its bloom!
The altar, where ſhe took her crown,
Cloſe to the ſpot that boaſts her tomb!

Thus ſtate and majeſty are loſt,
And death recruits its empty urns;
Thus the vain pomp, the mighty boaſt,
To ſilence and the ſhade returns.

XLVIII. On

XLVIII.

On Sir *Walter Raleigh.*

O! Hadſt thou ſerv'd the heroine all thy days;
Had Heav'n from ſtorms of envy ſcreen'd thy bays;
Hadſt thou ſtill flouriſh'd in a warlike reign,
Thy ſword had made a conqueſt like thy pen!
But nought to ſuch untimely fate could bring
The valiant ſubject, but a tim'rous king.

XLIX.

On a Bee ſtifled in Honey.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the bleſs'd, buſy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil ſhe gains,
Is in the ſweets ſhe hoards to die.

'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's ſoft ſweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taſte wiſely, they relieve;
But, if we plunge too deep, deſtroy.

L.

A Cure for the Evils of Life.

LORD! if our days be few, why do we ſpend
And laviſh them to ſuch an evil end?
Or why, if they be evil, do we wrong
Ourſelves and thee, in wiſhing them ſo long?

Our days decreaſe, our evils ſtill renew,
We make them evil, and *thou* mak'ſt them few.

LI.

On Self-conceit.

HAIL! charming pow'r of self-opinion!
For none are slaves in thy dominion:
Secure in thee, the mind's at ease;
The vain have only *one* to please.

LII.

Fruitless Toil.

WHO seeks to please all men each way,
And not himself offend;
He may begin his work to-day,
But *God* knows when he'll end.

LIII.

The Poet's Fate.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for *Homer* dead,
Thro' which the living *Homer* begg'd his bread.

LIV.

Against poetical Studies:

From the Latin.

BOY, break thy reeds, and split thy useless pen,
And follow sordid trade, with other men;
Nay, tho' thou art for ev'ry trade unfit,
Never, I charge thee, meddle more with wit:
By common hawking thou a meal may'st buy,
But not a bit of bread with poetry:
For my mad muse no more to me affords,
Than idle echoes to my tuneful words.

LV.

The Poet's Power.

TRUE poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.

Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe;
And all the fictions they purſue
Do but inſinuate what is true.

LVI.

From Prior.

DEAR Thomas, didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee
('Tis but by way of ſimile)
A ſquirrel ſpend his little rage
In jumping round the rolling cage?
The cage, as either ſide turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top?—
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks he climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with thoſe merry blades
That friſk it under *Pindus'* ſhades:
In noble ſongs, and lofty odes,
They tread on ſtars and talk with gods.
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verſe's ſound;
Brought back, how faſt ſoe'er they go;
Always aſpiring, always low.

LVII.

Written in an Inn:

By Mr. Shenſtone.

WHOE'ER has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his various tour has been,
May ſigh to think how oft he found
His warmeſt welcome at an inn.

LVIII.

An Inſcription on an Hermitage at Lord Weſtmoreland's.

BENEATH theſe moſs-grown roots, this ruſtic cell,
Truth, liberty, content, ſequeſter'd dwell;
Say, you who dare our hermitage diſdain,
What drawing-room can boaſt ſo fair a train?

LIX.

Under the Statue of a Water-Nymph, at Stourhead, Somerſetſhire:

By Mr. Pope.—From the Latin.

NYMPH of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep:
Ah ſpare my ſlumbers! gently tread the cave,
Or drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave.

LX.

On his own Grotto:

By Mr. Pope.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where Thames' tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad mirrour thro' the ſhadowy cave,

Where

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs diſtil,
And pointed cryſtals break the ſparkling rill;
Unpoliſh'd gems no ray on pride beſtow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! Great *nature* ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the mine without a wiſh for gold.
Approach! but awful!—Lo th' Egerian grott',
Where, nobly penſive, *St. John* ſat and thought;
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying *Wyndham* ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' Marchmont's ſoul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

A COL-

A

COLLECTION

OF

EPIGRAMS.

BOOK V.

HUMOROUS.

I.

The Decanter:

From the Greek.

O! Thou, that high thy head doſt bear,
With round ſmooth neck and ſingle ear;
With well-turn'd, narrow mouth; from whence
Flow ſtreams of nobleſt eloquence;
'Tis thou that fir'ſt the bard divine;
Sacred to *Phœbus* and the nine!
That mirth and ſoft delight can'ſt move,
Sacred to *Venus* and to love.
Yet, ſpite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon-companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirſty I;
And, when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

II. From

II.

From the Greek.

THESE cups by *Piſo* to his friends were giv'n,
Whoſe round preſents the concave vault of heav'n.
On this half-globe the northern ſtars appear,
Engrav'd on that the ſouthern hemiſphere.
Drink deep; all heaven you'll at the bottom ſee:
Who would not wiſh to learn aſtronomy!

III.

From Martial.

BY a *Ravenna* vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water *mix'd* I paid.
But, when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
The raſcal fobb'd me off with *only* wine.

IV.

From Martial.

I Offer love, but thou reſpect wilt have:
Take, Sextus, all thy pride and folly crave:
But know! I can be no man's *friend* and *ſlave*.

V.

A Deſcription of Blenheim:

Imitated from Martial—by Swift.

SEE, Sir, ſee here, the grand approach!
This way is for his grace's coach:

And

And there's the bridge, and there's the clock;
Obſerve the lion and the cock!
The ſpacious porch, the colonnade,
And ſee! how high the hall is made!
The gallery is contriv'd for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in,
The council-chamber for debate,
And all the reſt are rooms of ſtate.

Thanks Sir, ſaid I, 'tis mighty fine!
But where d'ye ſleep, and where d'ye dine?
I find, by what you have been telling,
That 'tis a houſe—but not a dwelling.—

VI.

Martial, Lib. 1. Ep. 87.

By the ſame.

MY neighbour *Hunks*'s houſe and mine
Are built ſo near they almoſt join;
The windows too project ſo much,
That through the caſements we may touch.
Nay, I'm ſo happy, moſt men think,
To live ſo near a man of chink,
That they are apt to envy me,
For keeping ſuch good company:
But he's as far from me I vow,
As London is from good * Lord *Howe*.
For, when old *Hunks* I chance to meet,
Or one or both muſt quit the ſtreet.

Thus he who would not ſee old Roger,
Muſt be his neighbour—or his lodger.

* Governor of Barbadoes at that time.

VII. Martial,

VII.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 20.

WHEN mother Douglas firſt I knew,
Four teeth in all ſhe reckon'd;
Comes a damn'd cough, and whips out two,
The other two were ſecond.

Courage, old dame, and do not fear
The third, whene'er it comes;
Give me but t'other jug of beer,
And I'll ſecure your gums.

VIII.

IF for mere wantonneſs you buy ſo faſt,
For very want, you muſt ſell all at laſt.

IX.

Lib. iii. Ep. 61.

By Mr. Hay.

'TIS a mere nothing that you aſk, you cry:—
If you aſk nothing, nothing I deny.

X.

Lib. v. Ep. 66.

I Often bow; your hat you never ſtir:
So, once for all, your humble ſervant—Sir!

XI.

Lib. vi. Ep. 8.

WELSH Judges two, four military men,
Seven noiſy lawyers, Oxford ſcholars ten,

Were

Were of an old man's daughter in purſuit:
Soon the curmudgeon ended the diſpute,
And gave his daughter to a thriving grocer:
What think you? did he play the fool, or no, Sir?

XII.

Martial, Lib. vii. Ep. 7.

MILO's from home, and, Milo being gone,
His land bears nothing—but his wife a ſon.
Why ſhe ſo fruitful, and ſo bare the field?
The land lay fallow—but the wife was till'd.

XIII.

From Martial—* Literally tranſlated.

A Landlord of Bath put upon me a queer *bum*:
I aſk'd him for punch, and the dog gave me * *mi*
rum!

XIV.

Lib. vi. Ep. 19.

MY cauſe concerns not battery, or treaſon;
I ſue my neighbour for this only reaſon,
That late three ſheep of mine to pound he drove;
This is the point the court would have you prove:
Concerning *Magna Charta* you run on,
And all the perjuries of old king John!
Then of the Edwards and black prince you rant,
And talk of John O'Stiles and John O'Gaunt;
With voice and hand a mighty pother keep—
Now, pray, dear Sir, one word about the ſheep.

* *Merum* is not tranſlated at all.

XV. Ep.

XV.

Martial, Ep. 65.

WHAT? in long verſe write epigrams? ſay you.
I ſay 'tis uſual, and 'tis lawful too.
Then, they are long. This too is law and uſe.
If you like ſhort, do you the diſtichs chuſe.
Let us agree; the bargain does no hurt;
I may write long; and you may read the ſhort.

XVI.

Lib. viii. Ep. 35.

BOTH man and wife, as bad as bad can be;
I wonder, they no better ſhould agree.

XVII.

Ep. 74.

A Doctor lately was a captain made;
It is a change of title, not of trade.

XVIII.

Lib. x. Ep. 18.

NO dinners! preſents! he is no man's bail!
He cannot lend, becauſe his riches fail!
Yet crouds attend his *future* power and grace—
For fools of all ſorts London is the place.

XIX.

Ep. 43.

SEVEN wives! and in one grave! there is not found,
On the whole globe, a richer ſpot of ground.

XX. The

XX.

The Power of Muſic:

From the Spaniſh, by Dr. Liſle.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to ſee;
He tun'd up his lyre, as old hiſtories ſhew,
To ſet his Eurydice free.

All hell was aſtoniſh'd a perſon ſo wiſe
Should raſhly endanger his life,
And venture ſo far.—but how vaſt their ſurpriſe!
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a puniſhment due to his fault,
Old Pluto had puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments ſufficient he thought,
——So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity ſucceeding found place in his heart,
And, pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such merit had muſic in hell!

XXI.

On Dancing to a Lady.

MAY I preſume in humble lays,
My dancing fair, thy ſteps to praiſe?
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a dance.

That human kind, both man and woman,
Do dance, is evident and common.
David himſelf, that godlike king,
We know could dance as well as ſing:

Folks,

Folks, who at court would keep their ground,
Muſt dance attendance the year round;
Whole nations dance, gay friſking France,
Has led the Engliſh many a dance;
And ſome believe both France and Spain
Intend to take us out again.

All nature is one ball we find,
The water dances to the wind;
The ſea itſelf at night and noon
Riſes and dances to the moon;
The moon around the earth does tread
A Cheſhire round, yet ne'er looks red;
The earth and planets round the ſun
Still dance, nor will their dance be done,
'Till nature in one blaſt be blended,
Then may we ſay the ball is ended.

XXII.

The Extent of Cookery.

WHEN Tom to *Cambridge* firſt was ſent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
To be a ſop no more.

See him to *Lincoln's-Inn* repair
His reſolution flag,
He cheriſhes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor *Coke*, nor *Salkield*, he regards,
But gets into the houſe;
And ſoon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags, give place!
Full bottoms come inſtead!
Good Lord! to ſee the various ways
Of dreſſing—a calf's head.

XXIII.

By Mr. W. T.

IT blew an hard ſtorm, and, in utmoſt confuſion,
The ſailors all hurried to get abſolution;
Which done, and the weight of the ſins they'd confeſs'd,
Were transferr'd, as they thought, from themſelves to the prieſt;
To lighten the ſhip, and conclude their devotion,
They toſs'd the poor parſon ſouſe into the ocean.

XXIV.

By J. S. 1731.

ADAM alone could not be eaſy,
So he muſt have a wife, an't pleaſe ye:
But how did he procure this wife,
To chear his ſolitary life?
Why, from a rib cut off his ſide
Was form'd this neceſſary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
Pho! he ſlept ſweetly all the while.
But when this rib was re-applied,
In woman's form, to Adam's ſide,
How then, I pray you, did it anſwer?
He never ſlept ſo ſweet again, Sir.

XXV.

A common Caſe.

YOU dare not marry, friend, you own,
For fear your family ſhould frown;
Why, wedlock would your freedom gain,
Which others uſes to inchain;

Y'had

Y'had better follow my advice,
And marry once than marry twice;
Betwixt your ſiſter and your brother,
Huſband to one and wife to t'other.

XXVI.

Lingua potentior armis.

THAT ſpeech ſurpaſſes force is no new whim;
Jove caus'd the heav'ns to tremble; *Juno* him.

XXVII.

The Choice.

LO! here's the *bride*, and there's the *tree*,
Take which of theſe beſt liketh thee.——
"The bargain's bad on either part—
"But—hangman, come! drive on the cart."

XXVIII.

From the French.

TEN months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed;
She warbled her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtunn'd with the noiſe:
But when *Florimel* choſe to lie privately in,
Twelve months before ſhe and her ſpouſe were a kin,
She choſe with ſuch prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurſe, nay, her midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn, huſbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half ſuch a tumult as wives.

XXIX.

A prudent Choice.

WHEN *Loveleſs* marry'd lady *Jenny*,
Whoſe beauty was the ready penny;
I choſe her, ſays he, like old plate,
Not for the faſhion, but the weight.

XXX.

True Fortitude.

MY ſickly ſpouſe, with many a ſigh,
Oft tells me—"*Billy*, I ſhall die;"
I griev'd, but recollected ſtrait,
'Tis bootleſs—to contend with fate:
So reſignation to Heav'n's will
Prepar'd me for ſucceeding ill;
'Twas well it did, for, on my life,
'Twas Heav'n's will—to ſpare my wife.

XXXI.

The Virtuoſo.

IF in his ſtudy *Curio* takes ſuch care
To hang all *ſtrange* things, let his wife beware.

XXXII.

On Mr. Hearn, the Oxford Antiquary.

POX on't, ſays *Time*, to *Thomas Hearn*,
Whatever I forget you learn.

XXXIII.

On a fat Doctor.

WHEN *Tadloe* treads the ſtreets, the paviors cry,
"God bleſs you, Sir"—and lay their rammers by

XXXIV.

A Corporation Diſpute—at Mancheſter—carried on between a fat and lean Alderman.

HERE's bone and ſkin, becauſe they're thin,
Would ſtarve the town—or near it;—
But be it known, to ſkin and bone,
That fleſh and blood won't bear it.

XXXV.

From Prior.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than ſix, and drinks more than he eats:
Four pipes after dinner he conſtantly ſmokes,
And ſeaſons his whiffs with impertinent jokes;
Yet, ſighing, he ſays, "we muſt certainly break,"
(And my cruel unkindneſs compels him to ſpeak)
For, of late, I invite him—but four times a week.

XXXVI.

By Swift.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you pleaſe, there's nobody at home.

XXXVII.

On Chriſtmas.

O Bleſſed ſeaſon! lov'd by ſaints and ſinners,
For long devotions, or for longer dinners;
More grateful ſtill to thoſe that deal in books,—
Now not with readers, but with paſtry-cooks:
Learn'd works, deſpis'd by thoſe to merit blind,
By theſe *well-weigh'd*, their certain value find.

XXXVIII.

On a Miſer's Treat.

THANKS to a miracle, for 'tis no leſs;
We're fed with manna in a wilderneſs;
In barren deſarts we have found relief,
And felt the wonders of a rump of beef.
Here chimnies ſmoke that never ſmok'd before;
And here we've din'd, where we muſt dine no more.

XXXIX.

On a frugal Beau.

CURIO's rich ſide-board ſeldom ſees the light;
Clean is his kitchen, and his ſpits are bright:
His knives and ſpoons, all rang'd in even rows,
No hands moleſt, or fingers diſcompoſe:
A curious jack, hung up to pleaſe the eye,
For ever ſtill, whoſe flyers never fly:
His plates unſullied, ſhining on the ſhelf;
For *Curio* dreſſes nothing but himſelf.

XL.

On a great Houſe adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the ſervants thin,
The gods without, the dev'l within.

XLI.

On a haſty Marriage.

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty bleſſing!
But poor's the joy, no coin poſſeſſing.
In ancient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed:"
But hard's his caſe, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

XLII.

Courage miſplaced.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice:
But *Tom* is a perſon of honour ſo nice;
Too wiſe to take counſel, too proud to take warning;
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his life,
Went home, and —was cudgell'd again by his wife.

XLIII.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London *Bobadil* had been,
Yet not the *lions* nor the *tombs* had ſeen:
I cannot tell the cauſe without a ſmile; —
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

XLIV.

To a Spendthrift diſinherited.

HIS whole eſtate, thy father, by his will,
Gave to the *poor*—thou haſt good title ſtill.

XLV.

On a pale Lady.

WHENCE comes it, that, in *Clara*'s face,
The lily only has a place?—
Is it, that the abſent roſe
Is gone to paint her huſband's noſe?

XLVI.

On a Sermon againſt Inoculation.

WE'RE told, by one of the black robe,
The devil inoculated *Job*:
Suppoſe 'tis true what he does tell;
Pray, neighbours, did not *Job do well?*

XLVII.

The Muſical Conteſt:

By Swift.

SOME ſay that ſignior *Bononcini*,
Compar'd to *Handel*, 's a mere ninny:
Others aver, that, to him, *Handel*
Is ſcarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that ſuch difference ſhould be
'Twixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee!*

XLVIII.

On a certain Writer.

HALF of your book is to an index grown;
You give your book *contents*,—your readers none.

XLIX.

JOHN Dryden enemies had three,
Call'd * *Dick*, * *Old Nick*, and * *Jeremy*:
The doughty knight was forc'd to yield;
The other two have kept the field:
But, had the poet's life been holier,
He had foil'd the *devil* and the *Collier*.

* Sir Richard Blackmore—the d—l—and Jeremy Collier,—who wrote againſt the immorality of the ſtage.

L. Or

L.

On Serjeant G—dl—r's putting on the Coif.

WHEN G—dl—r the coif in a whimſey put on,
Such crouding and ſtaring ſure never was known!
A figure ſo ſtrange in the world was ne'er ſeen;
All marvell'd what ſuch an appearance could mean:
'Tis the *devil* cry'd one; but another cry'd no,
The devil would never diſguiſe himſelf ſo;
Why then, cry'd a third, 'egad it is *Joe*.

LI.

The happy Phyſiognomy.

YOU aſk why * Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the caſe;
The jeſt is loſt—unleſs he prints his face.

LII.

SOME gallipots falling, a well-tim'd diſaſter,
Broke his head, while poor *Syringe* was ſpreading a plaiſter.

LIII.

On a blind Huſband.

IF *Argus*, with an hundred eyes, not one
Could guard; think'ſt thou to keep thine, who haſt none?

LIV.

TREASON does *never* proſper: What's the reaſon?
Why, when it proſpers, none dare call it treaſon.

* Author of a paper, called Paſquin, reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

LV.

The Humoriſt:

Imitated from Martial.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant felly;
Haſt ſo much wit, and mirth, and ſpleen about thee,
There is no living with thee nor without thee.

LVI.

To a fair Millener.

OH! what boſom but muſt yield,
When like Pallas you advance,
With a thimble for your ſhield,
And a needle for your lance!

Faireſt of the ſtitching train,
Eaſe my paſſion by your art;
And, in pity to my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

LVII.

On a young Lady's refuſing to ſhew her Hand.

NO argument could *Cælia* move;
With ſtrong reluctance ſtill ſhe ſtrove
Her lovely hand to hide:
The caſe is plain, ſhe was afraid,
That, plac'd in view, it might be ſaid,
'Twas by *her hand* they dy'd.

LVIII. To

LVIII.

To Mrs. Mutable.

WHAT tho' for beauty you may bear the * *bell*;
Yet, ever to ring *changes ſounds* not well.

LIX.

On Sir M—k W—v—ll.

I'VE loſt my miſtreſs, horſe, and wife;
But, when I think on human life,
Am glad it is no worſe:
My wife was ugly and a ſcold,
My miſtreſs was grown lean and old;
I'm ſorry for my horſe.

LX.

By Mr. Rowe.

Clavus clavo pellitur.

WHEN at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the hall;
When *John* the butler, and our *Mary*,
About the plate and linen vary,
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking dog! and ugly b-tch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And maks them ſilent all and civil.

* If a lady could in any ſenſe be compared to a *bell* (which, ſince the diſuſe of hoops, I am afraid ſhe cannot) this *peal* of *puns* might be tolerable; but, as it depends intirely upon the metaphor of bearing a *bell*, (which by the way is only a ſheep-bell) if the author had ſubſtituted *excel* in its place, the whole wit of his epigram, like a baſeleſs fabric, had fallen to the ground.——Ibi omnis effuſus labor!

Thus cannons clear the cloudy air,
And ſcatter tempeſts brewing there:
Thus bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

LXI.

On certain Paſtorals.

SO rude and tuneleſs are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian ſwain that ſings,
But 'tis his herds that lowe.

LXII.

On a voluminous Poet of * Kidderminſter.

THY verſes, friend, are Kidderminſter ſtuff,
And, in good truth, thou'ſt meaſur'd out enough.

LXIII.

On one who made long Epitaphs:

By Mr. Pope.

FRIEND! for your epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where ſtill ſo much is ſaid;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

LXIV.

On the Collar of a Dog preſented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.

I Am his highneſs' dog at *Kew*;
Pray tell me, Sir, whoſe dog are you?

* Famous for a coarſe woollen manufactory.

LXV. Another

LXV.

Another:

By Dr. Swift.

PRAY ſteal me not, I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whoſe heart in this four-footed thing lies.

LXVI.

On the Sign of the Sun, kept by Robin Hoare, near Oxford.

THO' my wife is as honeſt, as no woman more,
Yet ſhe tells me my Sun is the *Sun of a Hoare:*
Indeed it's too true; for, when all's ſaid and done,
I ne'er could *get* more than the *ſign* of a *Sun.*

LXVII.

Written on a Pane of Glaſs, at Littlemore, near Oxford.

THIS little village ſerves to ſhow
What lengths the pride of man will go;
For, in whatever ſtate or place,
(As if contentment were diſgrace)
Ambition prompts us to deſire
Another poſt, a little higher.
Search this capacious globe all o'er,
You ſtill will wiſh *a little more.*

LXVIII.

On Ben Johnſon's Buſt, with the Buttons on the wrong Side, in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

OH rare Ben Johnſon! what, a turn-coat grown!
Thou ne'er wert ſuch till thou wert clad in ſtone.

When time thy coat, thy only coat, impairs,
Thoul't find a patron in a hundred years:
Then let not this miſtake diſturb thy ſprite;
Another age ſhall ſet thy buttons right.

LXIX.

Light-finger'd Jack.

JACK, who thinks all his own that once he handles,
For practice-ſake purloin'd a pound of candles,
Was taken in the fact:—Ah! thoughtleſs wight!
To ſteal ſuch things as needs muſt come to *light*.

LXX.

On Epigrams.

ONE day, in *Chriſt-church* meadows walking,
Of poetry and ſuch things talking,
Says *Ralph*, a merry wag,
An epigram, if right and good,
In all its circumſtances ſhould
Be like a jelly-bag.

Your ſimile, I own, is new,
But how doſt make it out, quoth Hugh?
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend:
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end.

A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

BOOK VI.

MONUMENTAL.

I.

From the Greek.

A Blooming youth lies bury'd here,
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muſe and ev'ry grace:
Prepar'd the marriage-ſtate to prove,
But *Death* had quicker wings than *Love*.

II.

On Euripides.

DIVINE Euripides, this tomb we ſee
So fair is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it; ſince all will own,
Thy name, and laſting praiſe, adorns the ſtone.

III.

On Sophocles.

WIND, gentle ever-green, to form a ſhade
Around the tomb, where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With bluſhing roſes and the cluſt'ring vine:
Thus will thy laſting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he ſung:
Whoſe ſoul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the muſes and the graces writ.

IV.

On Philip, Father of Alexander.

HERE reſt I *Philip*, on th' *Ægean* ſhore,
Who firſt to battle led *Æmathia*'s pow'r,
And dar'd what never monarch dar'd before:
If there be man who boaſts he more has done,
To me he owes it, for he was my ſon.

V.

On Henry the Second, King of England.

IF conquer'd realms, or pow'r, from death could ſave,
I, *Henry*, mighty king, had 'ſcap'd the grave!
To me, who thought the earth's extent too ſmall,
Now eight poor feet, a narrow ſpace, are all.
Reader! behold in mine thy own ſure fate,
And curb thy vaſt deſires, and know thy ſtate;
He, whom the globe intire could not ſuffice,
In this ſmall tomb, in ſmaller aſhes lies.

VI.

On the Marquis of Winchelſea:

By Mr. Dryden.

HE who in pious times undaunted ſtood,
And, 'midſt rebellion, dar'd be juſt and good;
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſuff'rings more
Confirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before;
Reſts here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompence.
Pray, reader, that ſuch times no more appear;
Or, if this happen, learn true honour here.

VII.

On Lord Viſcount Dundee:

By the ſame.

O, Laſt and beſt of *Scots!* who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne!
Scotland and thou did in each other live,
Thou would'ſt not her, nor could ſhe thee ſurvive:
Farewell! who, living, didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And could'ſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

VIII.

On a young Lady of Norfolk:

By the ſame.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet;

In

In her they met! but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay;
Heav'n's beauty was in her ſo well expreſs'd,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

IX.

On Captain Grenville:

By Lord Lyttleton.

YE weeping muſes, graces, virtues, tell,
If, ſince your all-accompliſh'd *Sidney* fell,
You, or afflicted *Britain*, e'er deplor'd
A loſs like that theſe plaintive lays record!
Such ſpotleſs honour; ſuch ingenuous truth;
Such rip'ned wiſdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, ſo gentle, ſo compos'd a mind,
To ſuch heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He too, like *Sidney*, nurs'd in learning's arms,
For nobler war forſook her ſoſter charms:
Like him, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry pleaſing art,
The ſecret wiſh of ev'ry female heart;
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, *for his country dy'd.*

X.

On Captain Cornwall, ſlain off Toulon, 1743:

By the ſame.

THO' Britain's genius hung her drooping head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled;
On that fam'd day, when *France*, combin'd with *Spain*,
Strove for the wide dominion of the main:
Yet, *Cornwall!* all with gen'ral voice agree
To pay the tribute of applauſe to thee.

When

When his bold chief, in thickeſt fight engag'd,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd;
With indignation mov'd, he timely came,
To reſcue from reproach his country's name:
Succeſs too dearly did his valour crown;
He ſav'd his leader's life, but loſt his own.

XI.

On Lady Lyttleton:

By the ſame.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wiſe:
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen:
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentleſt female tenderneſs, was join'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of love;
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove:
Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong;
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong:
Her form each beauty of the mind expreſs'd;
Her mind was virtue, by the graces dreſs'd.

XII.

On the Counteſs Dowager of Pembroke:

By Ben Johnſon.

UNDERNEATH this ſable hearſe,
Lies the ſubject of all verſe,
Sidney's ſiſter, *Pembroke*'s mother:
Death, 'ere thou haſt ſlain another,
Fair, and wiſe, and good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw his dart at thee.

XIII.

By the ſame.

UNDERNEATH this ſtone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live:
If ſhe had a ſingle fault,
Leave it bury'd in this vault.

XIV.

On Shakeſpear:

By Milton.

WHAT needs my Shakeſpear, for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtar-y pointing pyramid!
Dear ſon of memory, great *heir* of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument:
For whilſt, to th' ſhame of ſlow endeav'ring art,
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
Theſe *Delphic lines* with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou, our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo ſepulchred in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die.

XV.

From the Latin of Cowley on himſelf:

Tranſlated by Addiſon.

FROM life's ſuperfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil diſcharg'd;

Here

Here *Cowley* lies! beneath this ſhed,
To ev'ry worldly intereſt dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of eaſe not idly ſpent;
To Fortune's goods a foe profeſs'd,
And hating wealth by all careſs'd.
'Tis true he's dead; for lo! how ſmall
A ſpot of earth is now his all:
O! wiſh that earth may lightly lay,
And ev'ry care be far away;
Bring flow'r's, the ſhort-liv'd roſes bring,
To life deceas'd fit offering:
And ſweets around the poet ſtrew,
Whilſt yet with life his aſhes glow.

XVI.

Intended for Dryden:

By Mr. Pope.

THIS *Sheffield* rais'd. The ſacred duſt below
Was *Dryden* once: The reſt who does not know?

XVII.

On Mr. Rowe:

By the ſame.

THY reliques, *Rowe!* to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy *Shakeſpear* place thy honour'd buſt.
Oh! next him, ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiments to fire the brave,
For never *Briton* more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt;
Bleſs'd in thy genius, in thy love too bleſs'd!
And bleſs'd, that timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

XVIII. On

XVIII.

On Mr. Fenton:

By the ſame.

THIS modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, "Here lies an honeſt man:"
A poet, bleſs'd beyond the poets fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XIX.

On Mr. Gay:

By the ſame.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; ſimplicity, a child;
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above temptation in a low eſtate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt;
But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—*Here lies Gay.*

XX. Mr.

XX.

Mr. Pope's own Epitaph.

HEROES and kings! your diſtance keep:
In peace let one poor poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

XXI.

On Mr. Pope:

By Mr. Rolt.

YE muſes, weep! ye ſons of Phœbus, mourn,
And decorate with tears this ſacred urn!
Pope dy'd: Fame bade the muſes ſound his praiſe;
They ſaid, 'twas done in his immortal lays.

XXII.

Mr. Prior's Epitaph:

By Himſelf.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of *Matthew Prior*,
The ſon of *Adam* and of *Eve*:
Let *Bourbon* or *Naſſau* go higher.

XXIII.

Mr. Gay's Epitaph:

By Himſelf.

LIFE is a jeſt, and all things ſhow it;
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

XXIV. On

XXIV.

On Tom D'Urfey.

HERE lies the *Lyric*, who, with tale and ſong,
Did life to threeſcore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleaſant, and his ſong was ſweet;
His heart was chearful—but his thirſt was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too ſoon grown old,
His ſong has ended, and his tale has told.

XXV.

On the Monument to Butler's Memory, erected in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

WHEN Butler, needy wretch! was ſtill alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when ſtarv'd to death and turn'd to duſt,
Preſented with a monumental buſt!
The poet's fate is here in emblem ſhown;
He aſk'd for bread, and he receiv'd a *ſtone*.

XXVI.

Prior on himſelf.

TO me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment ſets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heav'n.

XXVII.

On one who died of the Hyp.

DEATH, by a conduct ſtrange and new,
Prov'd here th' effect and motive too:
Ned met the blow he meant to fly,
And dy'd, becauſe he fear'd to die.

XXVIII. In-

XXVIII.

Inſcription on an Urn at Lord Corke's:

To the Memory of the Dog Hector.

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!
See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
Theſe are the honours, by his maſter paid,
To Hector's manes and lamented ſhade:
Nor words nor honours can enough commend
The ſocial dog—nay more, the faithful friend!
From nature all his principles he drew;
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true:
His looks and voice his inward thoughts expreſs'd;
He growl'd in anger, and in love careſs'd.
No human falſhood lurk'd beneath his heart;
Brave without boaſting, gen'rous without art.
When Hector's virtues man, proud man! diſplays,
Truth ſhall adorn his tomb with Hector's praiſe.

XXIX.

On the Parſon of a Country Pariſh.

COME let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall;
For, egad, had he liv'd, he'd have bury'd us all.

XXX.

On the Clerk of the ſame Pariſh.

HERE lies, within his tomb, ſo calm,
Old Giles: Pray ſound his knell;
Who thought no ſong was like a pſalm,
No muſic like a bell.

XXXI. On

XXXI.

On an old Woman who ſold Pots at Cheſter.

BENEATH this ſtone lies Cath'rine Gray,
Chang'd to a lifeleſs lump of clay:
By earth and clay ſhe got her pelf,
Yet now ſhe's turn'd to earth herſelf.
Ye weeping friends, let me adviſe,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In ſome tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her ſhop may be again.

XXXII.

To the *pye-houſe* Memory of Nell Batchelour—the Oxford Pye-Woman.

HERE, into the duſt,
The mouldering cruſt
Of Eleanor Batchelour's ſhoven;
Well-vers'd in the arts
Of pyes, cuſtards, and tarts,
And the lucrative ſkill of the oven.
When ſhe'd liv'd long enough,
She made her laſt puff—
A puff by her huſband much prais'd:
Now here ſhe does lie,
And makes a dirt-pye,
In hopes that her *cruſt* ſhall be *rais'd*.

XXXIII.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect.

LIE heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

XXXIV.

Poſthumous Fame.

A Monſter, in a courſe of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold;
Now breathes his buſt, now are his virtues ſhown,
Their date commencing with the ſculptur'd ſtone.
If on his ſpacious marble we rely,
Pity a worth, like his, ſhould ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch, like him, ſhould ever live.

XXXV.

Epitaph on a Miſer:

By Dr. Swift.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
*Demar, the wealthy and the wiſe:
His heirs, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his carcaſe in a cheſt;
The very cheſt in which, they ſay,
His other ſelf, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear ſelf he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

XXXVI.

On a Miſer married to a Coquette.

HERE lies a wretch, 'midſt other clay,
Who heap'd up riches ev'ry day,
Yet never gave one groat away;
Parted with nothing, all his life,
But what in common was—his wife.

* Demar was the real name of an uſurer at Dublin.

XXXVII. On

XXXVII.

On an Undertaker.

SUBDU'D by death, here death's great herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories;
Yet ſure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd breath,
Made it his buſineſs ſtill to *look for* death.

XXXVIII.

On an Old Maid.

BENEATH this ſilent ſtone is laid
A noiſy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.
Whither ſhe's gone we cannot tell;
For, if ſhe talks not, ſhe's in hell;
If ſhe's in heav'n, ſhe's there unbleſs'd;
Becauſe ſhe hates a place of reſt.

XXXIX.

On a ſcolding Wife, who died in her Sleep.

HERE lies the quinteſſence of noiſe and ſtrife,
Or, in one word, here lies a ſcolding wife;
Had not death took her when her mouth was ſhut,
He durſt not for his *ears* have touch'd the ſlut.

XL.

On a Woman who had three Huſbands.

HERE lies the body of Mary Sextone,
Who pleas'd three men, and never vex'd one—
This ſhe can't ſay beneath the next ſtone.

XLI. On

XLI.

On a Welch-man, killed by a Fall from his Horſe.

HERE lies interr'd, beneath theſe ſtones,
David ap-Morgan, ap-Shenkin, ap-Jones:
Hur was born in Wales, hur was travell'd in France,
And hur went to heaven—by a bad miſchance.

XLII.

On a Scotch-man.

HERE I lie Martin Elton-broad;
Have mercy on my ſoul, good God,
As I would do, if I were God,
And you were Martin Elton-broad.

XLIII.

On Sir Francis Drake, drowned at Sea.

WHERE Drake firſt found, there laſt he loſt his fame,
And for his tomb left nothing but a name:
His body's bury'd under ſome great wave;
The ſea, that was his glory, is his grave:
Of him no man true epitaph can make,
For who can ſay, "*Here lies* Sir Francis Drake?"

XLIV.

On the Death of Sir Albertus and Lady Morton:

By Sir Henry Wotton.

HE firſt deceas'd—ſhe, for a little, try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

XLV.

On a Man and his Wife, buried in the ſame Tomb.

HERE ſleep, whom neither life, nor love,
Nor friendſhip's ſtricteſt tie,
Could in ſuch cloſe embrace as thou,
Thou faithful grave, ally. —

Preſerve them, each diſſolv'd in each,
For bands of love divine;
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave, than thine.

XLVI.

On two Twin-Siſters.

FAIR marble, tell, to future days,
That here two virgin-ſiſters lie,
Whoſe life employ'd each tongue in praiſe,
Whoſe death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In ſtature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they ſhone;
So much alike, ſo much the ſame,
That death miſtook them both for one.

XLVII.

On the Picture of Mrs. Arabella Hunt, drawn after her Death, playing on the Lute.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand ſo bleſs'd with ſkill divine,
The late afflicted world ſome hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

XLVIII. O

XLVIII.

On a young Gentleman.

OF gentle race, his parents' only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow and their vaniſh'd pleaſure:
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race!
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better fate!
Impatient for his home, to ſhun delay,
From youth he ſoar'd to heav'n—the ſhorteſt way.

XLIX.

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt:

By Mr. Pope.

TO this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend moſt lov'd, the ſon moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he dy'd.
How vain is reaſon, eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* muſt tell what *Harcourt* cannot ſpeak:
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inſcribe thy ſtone,
And, with a father's ſorrow, mix his own.

L.

On Mrs. Corbet — who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt:

By the ſame.

HERE reſts a woman, good without pretence;
Bleſs'd with plain reaſon and with ſober ſenſe:
No conqueſts *ſhe*, but o'er herſelf, deſir'd;
No arts eſſay'd, but not to be adm'r'd.

Paſſion and pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd, that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heav'n, as its pureſt gold, by tortures try'd;
The ſaint ſuſtain'd it—but the woman dy'd.

LI.

On General Withers:

By the ſame.

HERE, *Withers*, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O ſoft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial ſpirit, or thy ſocial love!
Amidſt corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave ſome ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay, thoſe Engliſh glories gone,
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

LII.

On Mr. Craggs:

By the ſame.

STateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend!
Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd—by the muſe he lov'd.

LIII. On

LIII.

On Cardinal Richelieu.

STAY, traveller! for all you want is near.
"Wiſdom and pow'r I ſeek."—They both lie here.
"Nay, but I look for more; aſpiring aim
"At wit, taſte, learning, elegance, and fame."
Here ends your journey then; for here the ſtore
Of Richelieu lies.—"Alas! repeat no more:
"Shame on my pride! what hope remains for me,
"When here death treads—on all that man can be?"

LIV.

On Dr. Mead.

HIS gen'rous mind's to lateſt ages known
From others' works, his learning from his own.

LV.

On Sir Iſaac Newton.

APPROACH, ye wiſe of ſoul, with awe divine,
'Tis *Newton*'s name that conſecrates this ſhrine!
That ſun of knowledge, whoſe meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
That ſoul of ſcience, that unbounded mind,
That genius, which ennobled human kind!
Confeſs'd ſupreme of men, his country's pride!
And half eſteem'd an angel—till he dy'd:
Who in the eye of Heav'n like Enoch ſtood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God:
Whoſe fame extends, a ſea without a ſhore!
Who but forſook one world to know the laws of more.

LVI.

On the ſame:

By Mr. Pope.

NATURE, and nature's laws, lay hid in night;
God ſaid, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

LVII.

From Cowley.

HERE lies the great—Falſe marble, tell me where?
Nothing but poor and fordid duſt lies here.

LVIII.

On a young Lady:

By Mr. Mallet.

THIS humble grave, tho' no proud ſtructure grace,
Yet truth and goodneſs ſanctify the place:
Yet blameleſs Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Eſcap'd from death, O ſafe on that calm ſhore,
Where ſin, and pain, and paſſion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and pity wait ſincere on thee!
Lo! ſoft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendſhip ſits a mourner here.

LIX.

On Mr. Aikman and his Son:

By the ſame.

DEAR to the wiſe and good, beneath this ſtone
Here ſleep in peace the father and the ſon!
By virtue, as by nature, cloſe ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride:

Worth

Worth unambitious, wit *afraid* to ſhine,
Honour's clear light, and friendſhip's warmth divine.
The ſon, fair-riſing, knew too ſhort a date;
But oh! how more ſevere the parent's fate!
He ſaw him torn untimely from his ſide,
Felt all a father's anguiſh, wept, and dy'd!

LX.

On a young Lady.

HERE innocence and beauty lie, whoſe breath
Was ſnatch'd by early, not untimely, death:
Hence did ſhe go juſt as ſhe did begin
Sorrow to know, before ſhe knew to ſin.
Death, that does ſin and ſorrow thus prevent,
Is the next bleſſing to a life well ſpent.

LXI.

On the young Lord Mount-Caſhel:

By Mrs. Barber.

CHILDREN are ſnatch'd away, ſometimes,
To puniſh parents for their crimes:—
Thy mother's merit was ſo great,
Heav'n haſten'd thy untimely fate,
To make her character complete:
Tho' many virtues fill'd her breaſt,
'Twas *reſignation* crown'd the reſt.

LXII.

On an Infant.

TO the dark and ſilent tomb
Soon I haſted, from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
'Ere I meaſur'd out my ſpan.

I no ſmiling pleaſures knew;
I no gay delights could view:
Joyleſs ſojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.——

Happy infant, early bleſs'd!
Reſt, in peaceful ſlumber, reſt;
Early reſcu'd from the cares
Which increaſe with growing years.

No delights are worth thy ſtay,
Smiling as they ſeem, and gay;
Short and ſickly are they all,
Hardly taſted 'ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Laſting only, and divine,
Is an *innocence* like thine.

LXIII.

Another.

BENEATH a ſleeping infant lies;
To earth her body's lent:
More glorious ſhe'll hereafter riſe,
Tho' not more innocent.

When the arch-angel's trump ſhall blow,
And ſouls to bodies join,
Millions will wiſh their lives below
Had been as ſhort as thine!

LXIV.

On Claudius Philips, an excellent Muſician, at Bridgenorth, Salop.

PHILIPS! whoſe touch, harmonious, could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapleſs love,

Reſt

Reſt here! diſtreſs'd by poverty, no more;
Here find that calm thou gav'ſt ſo oft before:
Sleep, undiſturb'd, within this peaceful ſhrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

LXV.

By Mr. Gray.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wiſh'd—a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their drear abode;
(Where they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his father and his God.

LXVI.

Written in the Year 1745:

By Mr. Collins.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt
By all their country's wiſhes bleſs'd!
When ſpring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung:
There honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom ſhall a-while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

LXVII.

In a Country Church-yard—on a young Woman who fell a Sacrifice to the Infidelity of her Lover.

STAY, Chriſtian, ſtay; nor let thy pride diſdain
This humble ſtone, that tells thee, "Life is vain!"
Here beauty lies, in mould'ring ruins loſt;
A bloſſom, nipp'd by death's untimely froſt.
Yet her chaſte ſoul exults in realms above,
Where conſtancy's for ever crown'd with love:
Like a young bride, whoſe bloom ſhall ne'er decay,
But celebrate an endleſs nuptial-day.

LXVIII.

Epitaph on a young Lady.

AS ſhe was once, few of her ſex you'll ſee;
As ſhe is now, the brighteſt maid muſt be:
She liv'd to die, who dying yet ſhall live,
Whilſt honour, wit, or gratitude ſurvive.
Her eyes on ev'ry eye diffus'd delight,
And nothing but her goodneſs ſhone more bright:
Beauty to virtue gave a ſoft'ning grace,
And virtue added beauty to her face.
She prais'd all worth, unconſcious of her own,
And thought, with ſo much merit, ſhe had none.
Her uſe of books th' intent of reading ſhew'd;
Beyond the cloſet practically good.
Her life for living was the juſteſt plan;
She charm'd as woman, and ſhe thought as man!

Fair reader, learn! perfection is deny'd
To the moſt fair, for faireſt Marcia dy'd.

LXIX. To

LXIX.

To the Memory of his Anceſtors:

By Mr. N—gent.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
Here ſleeps in ſilent tomb a gentle train.
No folly waſted their paternal ſtore;
No guilt, no ſordid av'rice, made it more.
With honeſt fame and ſober plenty crown'd
They liv'd, and ſpread their chearing influence rour .
May he, whoſe hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praiſe!

LXX.

To the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Shuckburg, who died at Bath, March 22, 1764.

REMOV'D from all the pains and cares of life,
Here reſts the pleaſing friend and faithful wife:
Ennobled by the virtues of her mind;
Conſtant to goodneſs, and in death reſign'd:
Who plac'd true practice in a wiſe retreat,
Privately pious; and unknown, tho' great;
Sure, in the ſilent ſabbath of the grave,
To taſte that tranquil peace ſhe always gave.
O early-loſt, in virtue's faireſt prime!
Thy pieties ſupply'd life's want of time.
No death is ſudden to a ſoul prepar'd,—
When God's own hour brings always God's reward.
Thy death, (and ſuch, O reader, wiſh thy own!)
Was free from terrors, and without a groan:
Thy ſpirit to himſelf th' Almighty drew,
Mild as his ſun exhales th' aſcending dew.

W. H.

LXXI.

On General Wolfe:

In the Church of Weſteram, in Kent—where he was born, 1727.

WHILE *George* in ſorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artiſt grace the ſoldier dead,—
We raiſe no ſculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the faireſt in the liſts of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boaſt th' auſpicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we ſhed the gen'ral tear:
With humble grief inſcribe one artleſs ſtone,—
And from *thy* matchleſs honour date our own.

LXXII.

On a libertine Gameſter.

"*Facta* eſt *alea!*"

HERE lies a Sceptic, long in doubt,
If death could kill the ſoul, or not.
His ſcruples death reſolves at laſt;
Convinc'd—but oh! the die is caſt!

A COL-

A

COLLECTION

OF

EPIGRAMS.

BOOK V.

MISCELLANEOUS EPIGRAMS,

And POEMS of an Epigrammatical Turn:

The greater Part never before printed.

Naſutus ſis uſque licèt, ſis denique naſus,
Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas
Ipſe ego quàm dixi.—— MART.

From the GREEK.

I.

The Rival Beauties:

From Rufinus.

THREE lovely nymphs, contending for the prize,
Diſplay'd their charms before my critic eyes:
Superior beauties heighten'd ev'ry grace,
And ſeem'd to mark them of celeſtial race:
But I, who, bleſs'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a *Venus* was—and pleas'd them all.

II. Æneas

II.

Æneas and Anchiſes:

Literally tranſlated.

WHILST from the flames of Troy, thro' hoſtile ſpears,
His ſacred charge the pious hero bears:
"O ſpare my helpleſs ſire, ye Greeks, he cries;
"To *you* how ſmall, to *me* how rich a prize!"

III.

On Leonidas and his 300 Spartans.

TO ſtop the Perſian monarch's way,
In vain the ſwelling ocean roſe;
In vain, his progreſs to delay,
The lofty mountains interpoſe.

Rous'd by the Spartan chief to fight,
When lo! his ſlender band obeys;
Theſe turn'd th' unnumber'd hoſts to flight:—
Bluſh then, ye mountains and ye ſeas!

IV.

On the Statue of Jupiter, by Phidias.

DID Jove deſcend, and thus unveil
His form before the ſculptor's eyes?
Or Phidias' ſelf Olympus ſcale,
To view the monarch of the ſkies?

V.

On the Statue of a Cow, by Myron.

HENCE, fooliſh calf!--thy cries refrain,
Nor torture thus my teats in vain:
The ſculptor's hand has done its part,
But *real milk* exceeds his art.

VI.

On a bad Singer.

WHEN ſcreech-owls ſcream, their note portends,
To frighted mortals, death of friends;
But, when *Corvino* ſtrains his throat,
E'en ſcreech-owls ſicken at the note.

VII.

On an affected Philoſopher.

IF by your *beard* your wiſdom you would ſhew,
Then goats have beards—but Plato was a beau.

VIII.

An Epitaph.

CELSUS nor gave me purge nor clyſter,
Nor felt my pulſe, nor order'd bliſter:
But, being ill, I chanc'd to hear
The doctor's name—and dy'd for fear.

IX.

The Miſer and the Mouſe.

AS Pedro ſtalk'd around his houſe,
The jealous miſer ſpy'd a mouſe:
"How now, cries he, what doſt thou here?"—
"Sir, ſays the mouſe, diſmiſs your fear;
"I come not with the *hopes* of food,
"But for the ſake of—ſolitude."

X.

FOR wealth, ye thieves, ſome ſtatelier houſe explore,
Whilſt poverty, ſtout guard! defends my door.

XI. In

XI.

IN youth, by chearleſs poverty oppreſs'd,
By fortune's flatt'ring ſmiles in age careſs'd;
I ſure was doom'd, of all mankind, alone
To live, to all the joys of life unknown:
Without the means, when young and bleſs'd with health;—
When paſt enjoyment, tantaliz'd with wealth!

XII.

The Prayer of a wiſe Heathen.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knoweſt beſt what mortals want:)
Aſk'd, or unaſk'd, what's good ſupply;
What's evil—to our *pray'rs* deny!

XIII.

Epitaph on Timocritus.

AN hero, bold in war, here finds his grave;
But Mars the coward ſpares—and ſmites the brave.

From the LATIN.

XIV.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 14.

Arria and Pætus.

THUS to her much-lov'd, virtuous lord,
With tender grief oppreſs'd,
Chaſte *Arria* ſaid, and gave the ſword,
Drawn reeking from her breaſt:

" Believe

" Believe me, Pætus, void of pain
" I've found the pointed ſteel:
" But oh! the wound that *you'll* ſuſtain,
" *That* wound I doubly feel."

XV.

Martial, Lib. iii. Ep. 44. moderniſed.

The impertinent Poet.

YOU often wonder what the devil
Can make the town ſo damn'd uncivil.—
With what indifference they treat you!
There's not a ſoul that cares to meet you.
Where'er you come, what conſternation!
What univerſal deſolation! —
But for the cauſe—Why, muſt you know it?
I'll tell you; " you're *too great* a poet;"
And that's a thing true Britons fear,
More than a tiger or a bear.
Your man of ſenſe, of all God's curſes,
Dreads nothing like *repeating* verſes.
And really, *Tom*, you're paſt all bearing;
You'd tire a *Dutch-man* out with hearing.
One muſt ſubmit, there's no contending;
You keep one ſitting, keep one ſtanding.—
Got looſe, with more than decent ſpeed
I trudge away—yet you proceed.
Go where one will, there's no retreat;
You're at it ſtill, *repeat, repeat.*
I fly to 'Nando's *—you are there,
Still thund'ring diſtichs in one's ear:
Thence to the Park—ſtill you're as bad;
The ladies think you drunk or mad:
" But come, 'tis late, at three we dine;"
You ſtop one with " a *charming line!*"

* A coffee-houſe near Temple-Bar.

Now

Now down we ſit; but lo! repeating
Is greater joy to you than eating.
Quite tir'd, I nod, and try to doſe;—
In vain—you've murder'd all repoſe.
But prithee, *Tom*, repent in time;
You ſee the ſad effect of rhyme;
(And check this humour, if you can,)
That ſuch an honeſt, worthy man,
With ſo much ſenſe, and ſuch good-nature,
* Should be ſo *terrible* a creature!

XVI.

Martial, Lib. ii. Ep. 5.

WITH you, dear *Tom!* I'd often ſpend the day,
And laugh, and chat, and trifle life away;
But ten long miles, you know, divide us twain;
Thoſe ten make twenty, meaſur'd back again.
Then, o'er the downs, with patience ſhould I come,
You're always out, at leaſt you're not at home;
Or buſy, or engag'd in rhyme and metre;
Or with your child—that *entertaining* creature!
In ſhort, to *ſee* my friend ten miles I'd go;
But twenty, *not* to ſee you—'ll never do.

XVII.

Lib. ii. Ep. 41.

YES; I ſubmit, my lord; you've gain'd your end:
I'm now your ſlave—that would have been your friend.
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be ſupple as your glove;—
Reſpect, adore you— ev'ry-thing but—love.

* Vir juſtus, probus, innocens—*timeris.*

XVIII. Martial,

XVIII.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 101.

To an affected Old Maid.

THO' pappà and mammà, my dear,
So prettily you call,
Yet you, methinks, yourſelf, appear
The grand-mamma of all.

XIX.

Lib. viii. Ep. 19.

HAL ſays he's poor, in hopes you'll ſay he's not;
But take his word for't; *Hal*'s not worth a groat.

XX.

Lib. i. Ep. 29. literally tranſlated.

OF laſt night's wine you ſay Acerra ſtinks;
'Tis falſe; till morning, ſtill Acerra drinks.

XXI.

Lib. i. Ep. 47. paraphraſed.

DIAULUS, late who, void of ſkill,
Profeſs'd the healing art,
Now acts, in league with Pluto ſtill,
The undertaker's part.

Yet hear the man his change deplore;
"Hard fate! thus forc'd to ſlave."—
Wretch, when a quack, what didſt thou more
Than cater for the grave?

XXII. From

XXII.

From Owen's Epigrams.

THE doctor lives by ſporting with our lives;
And, by our follies fed, the lawyer thrives *.

XXIII.

Martial, Lib. ii. Ep. 53.

Advice to a Chaplain:—Familiariſed in the Manner of Dr. Swift.

PARSON! 'tis falſe; I'll ne'er believe
With liberty you wiſh to live:
You hug your chains, and cut your jokes
On us, poor independent folks.—
But would you then indeed be free?
Come, I'll preſcribe—without a fee.
First then, 'tis plain you love to eat,
And haunt the tables of the great:
You ſhun the man, and think him poor,
That cannot give you "four and four."
Indeed, my friend, this muſt *not* be;
A paraſite can ne'er be free.
Next, doctor, you muſt drink no wine.—
Ch. Why ſo? Saint *Paul*, that great divine,
Says, "Drink a little."— *F.* That's not the queſtion;
You can't afford it.— *Ch.* But for digeſtion ——
F. A glaſs of cyder, or old mead,
Or e'en mild ale, will do the deed.
Then, you're a captain in your dreſs;
A good black frize would coſt you leſs,

* Theſe general reflections, on the moſt learned profeſſions, only prove that there have been, in all ages, quacks and pretenders;—and that the vulgar have charged the ignorance or knavery of a few individuals on the whole fraternity.

And

And look more venerable too,
Than that *grey* cloth—which I call *blue*.
Talk what you pleaſe, you'll ne'er be free,
If you deſpiſe œconomy.
Perhaps, too, you may think a wife
Amongſt the requiſites of life:
Why, take ſome healthy farmer's daughter,
Some *Blouſalind*—nay ſpare your laughter:
She'll mend your ſhirts, inſpect your brewing;—
A lady, Sir, would be your ruin.
Your pars'nage-houſe, I own, is mean;
But ſee! that fragrant jeſſamine;
See! how that woodbine round the door
And lattice blooms!—What would you more?
Oh! doctor, could you but deſpiſe
Life's pompous ſuperfluities;
Could you but learn to live content
With what indulgent Heav'n has ſent;
Whate'er your lot, you'd live more free
Than any prince—in * *Germany*.

XXIV.

The Wolf and Maſtiff:

From Phædrus, Lib. iii. Fab. 7.

On the ſame Subject.

A Wolf, that long had rang'd the wood,
A ſtranger to the taſte of food,
Meets an old houſe-dog, ſleek and fat:
Each known to each, they ſtop and chat.
" Lord! ſays the wolf, how plump you're grown!
" Is that round belly all your own?
" Pray how d'you live, and what d'you eat?
" I wiſh you'd give me your receipt:
" For, not to under-rate *your* merit,
" I think, my friend, I don't want ſpirit

* Partho rege.

" T'attack

" T'attack the foe by day or night;
" And yet you ſee *my* wretched plight."
' Why, quoth the dog, with conſcious air,
' My place requires a world of care.
' If you deſire to ſerve the great,
' Faith! you muſt work—as well as eat:
' Preferments are not giv'n for nought,
' But by ſome uſeful *ſervice* bought.'
W. " What *ſervice* then would be expected?
" No honeſt terms ſhould be rejected."
D. ' Why, you muſt guard the doors by night;
' Bark at the thieves, the beggars fright.'——
W. " Oh! I ſhould bleſs the happy change;—
" Who'd wiſh thro' rain and ſnow to range,
" That, ſnug and warm, could take his pleaſure,
" And fill his belly at his leiſure?"
' Well then, quoth Snap, ſince we're agreed,
' Let us with gentle trot proceed;'
When lo! the wolf's too curious eye
Chanc'd the poor maſtiff's neck to ſpy,
Gall'd with a chain beneath the ear:
" Aha! cries he, what have we here?"
' Nothing,' ſays Snap, and turn'd aſide—
" Nay, let's know all," the wolf reply'd.
' Why, as I'm pretty fierce, you know,
' They chain me up by day—or ſo:
' (My maſter's whim—I can't refuſe it;
' There's nothing in't—indeed I *chuſe* it:)
' For, as I'm uſeleſs while 'tis light,
' I ſleep by day—and watch by night;
' When night comes on, my chain's unbound,
' And thus I rove the country round.
' As for my meat, I'm well ſupply'd,
' At table by my maſter's ſide:
' The ſervants toſs me bones half-pick'd,
' And oh! what plates of ſauce I've lick'd!
' But come!——What now? you lag behind—'
W. " Why faith! I think I've chang'd my mind;

" I don't

" I don't much like that curſed *chain*;—
" I'll e'en go range the woods again.—
" Enjoy your ſcraps—for I'd not be
" A king—without my liberty."

XXV.

The Wolf and the Lamb:

From Phædrus, Lib. i. *Fab.* 1.

A Wolf and lamb, one ſultry day,
To the ſame meadow chanc'd to ſtray;
By thirſt conſtrain'd, they ſought the rill
That iſſu'd from a neighb'ring hill.
The wolf ſtood near the fountain's head;
The lamb, far diſtant, down the mead.
Iſgrim, who dearly lov'd diſputes,
With fell intent the lamb ſalutes:
" You Sir! ſtand off! you tread the brink in,
" And mud the ſtream ſo, there's no drinking."
The harmleſs lamb, with much ſurpriſe,
Looks up, and, trembling, thus replies:
' I can't conceive how that can be, Sir,
' The ſtream flows down from you to me, Sir.
" You can't conceive!—Friend, don't be ſaucy;
" I'll let you know, Sir, what the laws ſay.
" Beſides—you mutter'd—ſo and ſo,
" Behind my back, ſix months ago."
' Upon my word, Sir, you miſtake,
' (But don't be angry, for Heav'n's ſake;)
' I never could have ſuch intention,
' Nor was I *born*, the time you mention.'
The wolf, by force of truth repell'd,
With ſhame and anger foam'd and ſwell'd:
" It was your father then," cries he,
" And that, you know, 's the ſame to me,"
He ſaid, and ſein'd the helpleſs victim,
And to the bones the tyrant pick'd him.

PANEGYRICAL:

Spoken occaſionally by the young Gentlemen of a private School.

XXVI.

On the Coronation of GEORGE the Third, Sept. 22, 1761.

THREE monarchs now, of Brunſwick's honour'd race,
Shall, with the ſame great name, our annals grace,
The firſt, tho' view'd by party's envious eyes,
Contending factions own, was—*good* and *wiſe*.
Thro' a long reign, brave, mild, and juſt approv'd,
Our ſecond George we ſtyle "* the *well-belov'd*."
But now a youth aſcends the Britiſh throne,
Whom ev'ry royal virtue calls her own!
Unenvied he his *native* right obtains,
And in the heart of every Briton reigns.
Proceed, young prince, a *patriot* king complete,
And George the Third henceforth be GEORGE the GREAT.

XXVII.

On Mr. P—tt's Return to his Country-ſeat, in October, 1761.

BRITANNIA long her hapleſs fate had mourn'd,
By factions rent at home, by Europe ſcorn'd:
Succeſsleſs wars her languid councils ſhow;
Her troops ſtill fly before th' inſulting foe:

* Le bien-aimeè.

No

No more her fleets triumphant rule the main,
For aid whilſt ſick'ning commerce ſues in vain.
To guide her tott'ring bark, a pilot fit
At length ſhe ſeeks—and caſts her eyes on P—tt
P—tt left his rural ſeat, and active roſe,
Retriev'd her credit and ſubdu'd her foes:
From pole to pole, on ev'ry hoſtile ſhore,
Again her flag's diſplay'd, her cannons roar;
The lakes of Canada our triumphs hear,
And Afric's ſons the name of P—tt revere.
Nay more, he bids e'en *civil* diſcord ceaſe,
And ſees each boiſterous faction huſh'd in peace;
Then quits the helm, without a title great,
And ſeeks once more at Hayes a calm retreat.
Great *Cincinnatus* thus, at *Rome*'s requeſt,
Left his lone farm, and took th' imperial veſt:
With heav'n-born zeal his patriot breaſt inſpir'd;
Thus ſav'd his country, triumph'd, and retir'd.

XXVIII.

Mr. A——n, or the Great Plebeian *.

——— *Sanctus haberi*
Juſtitiæq; tenax factis dictiſq; mereris?
Agnoſco Procerem ——— JUV.

YE haughty youths, of noble lineage vain,
Who ſcour the turf, and revel in champaigne;
Who boldly claim the honours of your race,
And boaſt *their* names, whoſe *titles* you diſgrace:
Tell me, what firſt your grandſire's blood refin'd?
Was it their birth, or virtues of the mind?—
'Twas virtue gave that luſtre to their name,
And plac'd them foremoſt in the liſts of fame:
For civil arts, or feats of arms, renown'd,
Their merit *unbought* titles juſtly crown'd.

* Alluding to an expreſſion in a public paper.

But tho' the wretch, that ſoils their glorious deeds,
To his ſire's honours *legally* ſucceeds;
Tho' titles may deſcend where virtues fail,
No royal grant can *real* worth intail:
Such tinſel pomp may dazzle vulgar eyes,
Whilſt men of ſenſe the *glittering cheat* deſpiſe.
But ſee the man of virtuous parents born,
Whoſe uſeful life exalted acts adorn!
With genius bleſs'd, whoſe ev'ry purpoſe tends
T' improve his country or inrich his friends:
Who pours his wealth on works of public uſe,
In worthieſt deeds ſtill glorioufly profuſe:
Whoſe pious care ſeeks merit in diſtreſs,
His unknown hand whilſt wond'ring wretches bleſs;
Like ſome celeſtial planet's friendly rays,
To all around diffuſive bliſs conveys:
Who thus thro' life purſues one glorious plan
Is more than noble—is a godlike man!

XXIX.

On the ancient City of Bath:

Written on the finiſhing the Circus.

Ἐγκώμιον νεωτερικον.

'MIDST flow'ry meads and Avon's winding floods,
Romantic hills, wild rocks, and pendant woods;
Behold fair Bath her ſtately front advance,
In all the pomp of Latian elegance!
The hills, that riſe in rich profuſion round,
With gardens deck'd, or ſplendid villas crown'd!
There health and pleaſure hand in hand appear,
And, ſmiling, weave their roſeate arbors there.
Deep in their moſſy grotts, beneath thoſe hills,
The bounteous Naiads form the guſhing rills.
There various ſprings their min'ral virtues blend,
And, warm, in ſalutary ſtreams deſcend:

Thoſe ſtreams to mortals balmy health reſtore;
The gout grows mild, and cholics are no more:
Here languid nymphs regain the bloom of May;
Here cripples dance—and hurl the crutch away.

Hither, with laviſh hand, freſh peaſants bring
The fruits of autumn and the flow'rs of ſpring;
Whilſt lowing herds, from richeſt paſtures, pour
The draught ſalubrious in their milky ſtore:
Each fowl, of various plume, that haunts the wood,
Or ſkims the heath, or dives the liquid flood:
The ſpreading ſea-fiſh, and the ſcaly fry,
Contiguous coaſts or neighb'ring ſtreams ſupply.
Thus art and nature join, in friendly ſtrife,
To ſhow'r on Bath the blandiſhments of life.

Oh! Bath, thrice happy, if to man 'twere giv'n
T' enjoy, with temp'rate uſe, the gifts of Heav'n!
Didſt thou thy partial fate but truly prize;
Didſt thou increaſe in virtue as in ſi[illegible]
Were luxury baniſh'd, with each baneful vice;
Th' infernal arts of ſcandal, * cards, and dice:
The vagrant herds, that ev'ry ſtreet infeſt,
And inſolence, with rigorous care ſuppreſs'd:
Did no baſe miſcreants, to themſelves unjuſt,
By mean exactions *liberal* minds diſguſt:
From diſtant counties thanes in crouds ſhould fly,
Proud in thy domes to ſhun the wint'ry ſky:
† *Auguſta*'s ſelf ſhould half-deſerted ſtand,
And Bath poſſeſs the riches of the land.

* The author is aware of the unpoliteneſs of this cenſure: But, tho' a ſober game at "whiſt and ſwobbers" might make an innocent part of the feſtival entertainments of our anceſtors, yet he cannot but conſider *cards*, in the preſent age, (when made a neceſſary introduction to *good* company, and the chief employment, ſummer and winter, of people of faſhion) as equally prejudicial to the ſerious buſineſs, and the real enjoyment of life.

† The Roman name for London.

XXX.

To a Limner at Bath:

Equally excellent in Portraits and Landſkips.

CHARM'D by the magic pow'rs of light and ſhade,
To G—nſb—gh's ſkill be this ſlight tribute paid:
To charm the ſoul, with equal force conſpire
The painter's genius and the poet's fire.
When Milton ſings of angels, bold in fight,
Or blooming cherubs, half diſſolv'd in light;
Or leads his Eve to Adam's longing arms,
In all the luſtre of primeval charms;
Fir'd with the ſong, thro' Eden's bliſsful groves,
With the firſt pair, th' inraptur'd fancy roves:
'Midſt cryſtal founts, or amaranthine bow'rs,
Ambroſial fruits, and ever-blooming flow'rs,
We trace each ſtep, by various paſſions toſt,
And quit with tears the "*paradiſe* they *loſt*."
Like that bleſs'd pair, by G—nſb—gh's pencil drawn,
Here * each fond couple treads the flow'ry lawn;
Or ſun-burnt heroes ſhine in mimic arms,
Or beauties glow with never-fading charms:
Each eye the animated features ſtrike;
Ev'n lovers, pleas'd, confeſs the portrait like.
But, when the landſkip's various charms we trace,
Where nature's ſelf appears with heighten'd grace;
There ſylvan ſcenes preſent the op'ning glade,
Th' enamell'd lawn, or cool ſequeſter'd ſhade;
The ruddy dawn there gilds the diſtant tow'r;
There the ſmooth lake reflects the purple flow'r.
In ſilent wonder fix'd, with joy ſerene,
The mind ſurveys th' imaginary ſcene;
And owns the pleaſing cheat ſo well ſuſtain'd,
Each landſkip ſeems a "*paradiſe regain'd*."

* Several gentlemen and ladies drawn in that taſte.

XXXI. To

XXXI.

To William Shenſtone, Eſq; at the Leaſowes, 1760.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from reſtraint ſet free!
Eager he ſeeks the ſcenes of gay reſort,
The mall, the route, the play-houſe, and the court:
Soon for ſome varniſh'd nymph, of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peereſs, conterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, inraptur'd, ſwear and ſigh,
Dreſs, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;
Till, by kind fate, reſtor'd to country air,
He marks the roſes of ſome rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected, native charms,
A real paſſion ſoon his boſom warms;
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And taſtes the genuine happineſs of life.
Thus, in the vacant ſeaſon of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career:
From ſeat to ſeat o'er pompous ſcenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and ſurpriſe;
Till, ſick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigu'd, not ſatisfy'd, to town.
Yet, if ſome kinder genius point his way
To where the muſes o'er thy *Leaſowes* ſtray,
Charm'd with the ſylvan beauties of the place,
Where art aſſumes the ſweets of nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each conſecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling ſtream, his rapture move:
Like the ſage captive in Calypſo's grott',
The cares, the pleaſures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine ſphere,
And longs to dwell a bliſsful hermit here.

XXXII.

To M. G. Eſq;

On the Improvements made at M-k-t-n Houſe in Glouceſterſhire—written in 1740.——A Fragment.

IS this the place where late, in tonſile yew,
Crowns, dragons, pyramids, and peacocks grew?
Where quaint parterres preſented to the eye
The various angles of a Chriſtmas pye?
Or alleys met, with correſpondent glades,
And trees in rows caſt equi-diſtant ſhades?
Where * terraces you ſcal'd by many a ſtep,
From which at once poor frogs in panics leap?
And walls ſurrounding, thirty cubits high,
Left to the view ſcarce thirty ells of ſky?
Around the manſion, barns, and ſtables lay,
And ſpread night's mantle o'er the face of day.
Theſe ſpacious lawns an hundred hedges ſhar d,
Like tenements of cards, by children rear'd.
What taſte perverſe our anceſtors inſpir'd,
Who baniſh'd oaks, and mournful yews admir'd!
Who rais'd huge walls to guard a few jonquils,
Pent up from flow'ry meads and verdant hills!
Diſdaining nature, in her richeſt dreſs,
Till tortur'd into Gothic littleneſs!
Yet here thoſe anceſtors—a virtuous train!
In health contented dwelt, thro' many a reign.—
Each country-ſeat was then a well-ſtor'd farm,
Which knew no beauties but in ſnug and warm.
Pleas'd, round their barns they heard their oxen lowe,
And the ſame ſteeds then drew the coach and plough.
Strangers to form, their neighbour was their gueſt,
Where mirth and rural plenty made the feaſt:
Nor hyſon yet, nor Gallic wines were known,
Nor deem'd polite the annual jaunt to town.
While ſummers thus, and chearful winters, paſs'd,
They liv'd thrice happy—in their want of taſte.

* Moſt of the gardens of the laſt age conſiſted of little terraces, with infinite flights of ſteps inſtead of ſlopes.

XXXIII. The

XXXIII.

The Epicure:

To W. M—lls, Esq; on a late Act of Generosity.

YOU call it lux'ry, when, in all his glory,
Qu—n loads his plate with turtle and *John-Dory* *;
Or snuffs the pinguid haunch's sav'ry steam,
And crowns the feast with jellies and ic'd cream.
But when, with more indulgence, you employ
Your wealth to give the pensive bosom joy;
When, by one lib'ral act, the mind's best treat!
You make a † *brother*'s happiness complete;
There is, you'll own, tho' rarely understood,
The highest luxury in doing good;
Nay, view his heart, and Q—n will grant, I'm sure,
The gen'rous man's the truest Epicure.

XXXIV.

To William M—lm—th, Esq;

On his Translation of Pliny's Epistles.

THO', justly rank'd the classic wits among,
Great Pliny charms us in his native tongue;
Tho' sense and candour breathe thro' ev'ry page;—
Yet—does his *language* speak th' Augustan age?
Like Tully good, yet critics still require
The je-n'-sçai-quoi which Tully's friends admire;
And, taught by M—lm—th, pedants must confess,
He shines, more perfect, in his English dress.
Henceforth, when men of taste shall chance to name
Each British author of distinguish'd fame,
Amongst *our* classics Pliny shall be one,
High in the list, with Swift and Addison.

* *John-Dory*—a fish much in vogue in the eighteenth century.

† He took his brother to the Bank one morning, and transfer'd 10,000 l. to him, as a present.

XXXV.

On Tully's Head in Pall-Mall:

To Mr. R. Dodſley, on his writing Cleone, 1756.

1.

WHERE Tully's buſt and honour'd name
Point out the venal page,
There *Dodſley* conſecrates to fame
The claſſics of his age.

2.

In vain the poets, from their mine,
Extract the ſhining maſs,
Till Dodſley's mint has ſtamp'd the coin,
And bid the ſterling paſs.

3.

Yet he, I ween, in *Cæſar*'s days,
A nobler fate had found;
Dodſley himſelf with verdant bays
Had been by *Cæſar* crown'd.

4.

His buſt near *Tully*'s had been plac'd,
Himſelf a claſſic bard;
His works Apollo's temple grac'd,
And met their juſt reward.

5.

But ſtill, my friend, be virtue, ſenſe,
And competence thy ſhare;
And think each boon, that courts diſpenſe,
Beneath a poet's care.

6.

Perſiſt to grace this humbler poſt;
Be *Tully*'s head the ſign;
Till future bookſellers ſhall boaſt
To vend their tomes at *thine*.

XXXVI.

On the Biſhop of Cloyne's Book upon Tar-Water, 1744.

1.

LO! ev'ry ſubject Berkley treats
With elegance and eaſe!
Tar breathes forth aromatic ſweets,
And metaphyſics pleaſe!

2.

Tho', humbly firſt, the ſage explores
The virtues of the pine;
To loftieſt themes he gently ſoars,
Phyſician and divine!

3.

Here batter'd rakes, for taint or gout,
A ſure balſamic find;
Here ſophs may learn what *Plato* thought
Of the *eternal mind* *.

4.

Henceforth let none the lawn decry,
If Berkley's pious care
Teach wits to own a Trinity,
And beaux to reliſh tar.

XXXVII.

To the Right Honourable Lady Ch——, 1763.

WHEN lovely Portia glitters at the play,
Or, in her birth-night robes, outſhines the day;
From crouds diſtinguiſh'd by her grace and air,
Portia the faireſt ſeems, where all are fair:

* From inveſtigating the ſubtile fire, to which the virtues of tar are chiefly aſcribed—the biſhop aſcends to the Platonic notion of the Supreme Being—mind—and vivifying ſpirit, &c.

A kindling paſſion ev'ry breaſt alarms,
Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her charms.
But when, retir'd amidſt their rural bow'rs,
She chears th' illuſtrious patriot's calmer hours;
Or, ſmiling, ſits her infant tribe among,
And guides to virtue's paths the liſt'ning throng:
Behold, amidſt theſe pleaſing cares of life,
The tender mother and th' engaging wife!
More juſt applauſe theſe humbler virtues ſhare,
And Portia ſhines—as good as ſhe is fair.

XXXVIII.

On Miſs ——, afterwards Lady ——, 1740.

LUCIA was form'd by Heav'n in courts to ſhine,
With grace, and air, and majeſty divine;
Yet, o'er thoſe charms, her virtuous thoughts diſpenſe
The humbleſt mien, with rural innocence.
Hence viſcounts wait their doom from Lucia's eyes,
Whilſt many a ſwain—in hopeleſs ſilence dies.

XXXIX.

Venus genetrix.

To Mrs. ——, 1760.

1.

WHEN Stella joins the blooming throng
Of virgins dancing on the plain,
A *grace* ſhe ſeems the nymphs among,
Or Dian' 'midſt her virgin train.

2.

But when, with ſweet maternal air,
She leads Iulus thro' the grove,
Herſelf appears like Venus fair,
Her wanton boy the god of love.

XL.

On the accompliſhed Miſs ——:

By a School-Boy.

WHEN for the prize the heavn'ly rivals ſtrove,
Before the Phrygian prince, in Ida's grove,
Venus in vain had brib'd her judge with Helen,
Had Pallas nam'd *her* fav'rite Molly A——n.

XLI.

On the celebrated Miſs ——.

FRESH as the ſpring, and like Aurora fair,
Clarinda iſſues forth, the public care!
Where'er ſhe moves admiring crouds reſort,
Whilſt round her charms the loves and graces ſport.
Her eyes the hearts of heedleſs fops beguile,
Who catch each glance—and feed upon each ſmile:
But the bleſs'd youth, diſtinguiſh'd from the throng,
Who hears th' inchanting accents of her tongue;
Her native wit, her more than manly ſenſe,
Expreſs'd with ſweet, bewitching diffidence;
Owns in her mind more pow'rful beauty lies,
And ſcarce obſerves the luſtre of her eyes.

XLII.

An Apology to Lucinda.

FROWN not, Lucinda, that the wand'ring muſe
Thro' diſtant fields her fav'rite taſk purſues;
For, tho' with various ſweets ſhe decks her lays,
Collecting ev'ry flow'r that merits praiſe;
Tho' in each nymph ſome charm perhaps may find,
Some faint reſemblance of Lucinda's mind;
From you ſhe paints each grace, each winning art;
They ſhare my verſe, but *you* poſſeſs my heart.

SATYRICAL.

XLIII.

The Dangler.

CHARM'D with the empty ſound of pompous words,
Carlo vouchſafes to dine with none but lords;
Whilſt rank and titles all his thoughts employ,
For theſe he barters every ſocial joy:
For theſe, what you and I ſincerely hate,
He *lives* in form, and often ſtarves in ſtate.—
Carlo, enjoy thy peer! content to be
Rather a ſlave to him than friend to me.
Go, ſell the ſubſtance to retain the ſhow;
May you *ſeem* happy—whilſt I'm really ſo!

XLIV.

1.

THE wretch that courts the ſordid great,
And with the ſplendid *Florio* dines,
Is tantalis'd in empty ſtate,
And thirſts amidſt his coſtly vines.

2.

There's Burgundy, he lets you know,
Or bright champaigne's more ſprightly juice:
There's claret too;—but all for ſhow;
The honeſt port alone's for uſe.

3. Thus

Thus vex'd, his tortur'd guests complain,
And stare at what they fear to touch;
Thus *Florio*, covetous and vain,
Still does too little—or too much.

XLV.

To Avaro.

THUS to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd;
I said:—Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d'you drink, and where d'you eat?
If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine.

XLVI.

The Impudence of Wealth.

BUFO, whose pride disdains to give attention,
Still asks you things above his comprehension;
But, 'ere you speak, his thoughts are on himself;
His dress, his dinner, or his paltry pelf.
One day, quoth he, "What signifies your learning?
"Does Greek or Latin make one more discerning?
"For all your classics I'd not give one groat;
"Who's e'er the richer, pray, for all they wrote?
"If books then neither make men rich or wiser,
"Your man of learning is the greatest miser;
"Whose studies, day and night, his thoughts employ,
"To heap up stores, which he can ne'er enjoy."
Your premisses are odd, I told the man, Sir,
But you'll not *listen* to a proper answer:
Yet, if your inference from thence be true,
A scholar is as great a fool—as you.

XLVII. The

XLVII.

The Teſt of Merit:

On the Earl of Ch———.

"IS this the man ſo fam'd for wit?"
Cries *Bufo*, fam'd for wanting it;
"This little man, ſo thin and queer?—
"Who'd take his lordſhip for a peer?
"His eyes indeed have ſomething ſprightly,
"But ſure his perſon's far from ſightly:
"They praiſe his ſpeeches and his jokes;
"He looks and talks like other folks."
Thus *Bufo*, puff'd with pride and fat,
Still vents his ſpleen in frothy chat:
More vers'd in butcher's meat than books,
Enquires how fat or lean one looks;
And ſagely, by mechanic rules,
Deems men philoſophers or fools:
His balance rais'd, with air profound,
He weighs your *merit*—by the *pound*.

XLVIII.

Lorenzo, or the Man of Reading.

LORENZO is, tho' much a beau,
The greateſt reader that I know:
Reads each new pamphlet, each new play,
And knows, of each, what people ſay;
Thence fixes, with a critic ſpirit,
(At ſecond hand) each writer's merit:
The firſt to know, ſtill more exact,
The name and author of each tract:
Deſpiſes thoſe that have not bought
The laſt new thing that *Churchill* wrote:
Points out each bright, each fav'rite line,
And vows—the whole is vaſtly fine!

But

But yet, with all this various reading,
Lorenzo is a man of breeding.
Tho' he had been two years at college,
He ne'er inſults you with *deep* knowledge;
No ſcraps of Latin quotes, nor borrows
A thought from *Virgil* or from *Horace*:
No learned points he e'er unravels;
Ne'er mentions hiſtory or travels:
Gives no account of ancient times,
Or what is done in foreign climes:
In ſhort, his reading, you will find,
Floats on the ſurface of his mind.
Lorenzo reads, as others play;
He reads—for *ſomething* ſtill *to ſay*:
He reads a thing, becauſe 'tis *new*,
Or reads—becauſe his neighbours do.
Why then, I find, thou art, my friend,
An *endleſs* reader—to no *end*.
If theſe, ſaid I, are all your views,
Throw by your books—and read the *news*!

XLIX.

The Force of Faſhion.

VARUS, tho' merely led by faſhion,
For worth alone pretends a paſſion;
Affects, with truly lib'ral ſpirit,
To idoliſe a man of merit:
Applauds the deeds, the ſenſe, the jokes,
Of good, of wiſe, of witty folks:—
He daily at your houſe attends,
And ſeems to rank you with his friends:
In public too he'll ſtill affect
To treat you with profound reſpect,
(More than Venetians do their doge)
For what?—becauſe you are in vogue.
For, Sir, you muſt not think it ſtrange
If *Varus* ſhould his conduct change.

The

The public, fickle as a child,
Now frowns on what ſo late it ſmil'd;
Still fond of change, wants ſomething new;
Careſſing me, neglecting you.
See Varus, in his turn, affect
To treat you with the ſame neglect;
Nay, ſhuns you, as a worthleſs rogue,
For what? Becauſe you're out of vogue.

L.

The fair Stoic.

"BEAR and *forbear*;" thus preach the Stoic ſages;
And in two words include the ſenſe of pages.
With patience *bear* life's certain ills; and oh!
Forbear thoſe pleaſures which muſt end in woe.
With theſe wiſe maxims *Sappho* ſtill can treat us,
And prove her text from * *Carter*'s *Epictetus*.
Thus to be Stoics each fair friend ſhe teaches,
Whilſt *Sappho* ne'er can practiſe what ſhe preaches;
For, turn'd of fifty, we may ſafely ſwear,
Sappho will neither *bear*—nor yet *forbear*.

LI.

To be written in a young Lady's Milton.

CLOE, to *Cloe*'s foibles ſomewhat blind,
Admires the froward whims of woman-kind.—
"Strange! that our mother Eve, ſo void of grace,
"Should for an *apple* curſe the human race."—
Her cenſures thus on Eve raſh Cloe pours,
Whilſt ſhe herſelf green fruit and chalk devours.
But ceaſe, fair maid, that fatal crime to blame,
When you, more frail, had ſurely done the ſame:
For leſs reſtraint your Maker's will had croſs'd,
Nay, for a *crab*, your paradiſe had loſt.

* Epictetus elegantly tranſlated by miſs Carter.

LII. The

LII.

The Heroines, or modern Memoirs.

IN ancient times, ſome hundred winters paſt,
When Britiſh dames, for conſcience-ſake, were chaſte,
If ſome frail nymph, by youthful paſſion ſway'd,
From virtue's paths unhappily had ſtray'd;
When baniſh'd reaſon re-aſſum'd her place,
The conſcious wretch bewail'd her foul diſgrace;
Fled from the world, and paſs'd her joyleſs years
In decent ſolitude and pious tears;
Veil'd, in ſome convent made her peace *with* Heav'n,
And almoſt hop'd—by prudes to be forgiv'n.
Not ſo of modern wh-res, th' illuſtrious train,
Renown'd Conſtantia, P-lkington, and V-ne:
Grown old in ſin, and dead to am'rous joy,
No acts of penance *their* great ſouls employ.
Without a bluſh behold each nymph advance,
The luſcious heroine of her own romance;
Each harlot triumphs in her loſs of fame,
And boldly prints and *publiſhes* her ſhame.

LIII.

The Œconomiſt.

LAURA, profuſe as city dame *can* be,
Still piques herſelf on her œconomy:
She ne'er *will* buy a thing that's dear, ſhe vows,
Yet, by her bargains, pillages her ſpouſe.
" That ſet of china was the cheapeſt thing!—
" 'Tis fine enough to entertain the king.
" This cambric, ſlily ſlipp'd into her hand,
" Was *ſuch* a bargain—ſhe could *not* withſtand!
" That cloth, tho' dear, coſt nothing, one may ſay;—
" 'Twill wear for ever—and—I know 'twill pay.'—
Then ſhe has bought the fineſt gooſe in town;
They aſk'd three ſhillings—but took half-a-crown.

" And

" And don't you think this ham *prodigious* cheap?
" We did not want it—but, you know, 'twill keep."
Her friends with bargains thus poor Laura treats,
Laughs at her tradeſmen, whilſt herſelf ſhe cheats:
But, Laura, ſtop in time; too late, I fear,
You'll find theſe *bargains* coſt you dev'liſh dear.

LIV.

The curious Impertinent.

A Man there is, to all the country known,
Who neither lives in country nor in town:
He's here, he's there; from place to place he flies,
In queſt of that which Heav'n to man denies.
Curio, the preſent joys of life forgot,
Still fancies greater joys where *he* is not:
Hence, ever reſtleſs, go where'er you will,
You'll find poor *Curio* at your elbow ſtill.
He boaſts no wit; but yet, the Lord knows why,
Curio ſtill keeps the beſt of company.
Wherever well-dreſs'd folks in crouds appear,
Aſk'd, or unaſk'd—you'll ſtill find *Curio* there.
At every veniſon, every turtle feaſt,
See him, with anxious looks, a conſtant gueſt!
Drawn by the ſavoury ſteam, no doubt?—why no;
He only *comes* to ſee how matters go.
In ſhooting ſeaſon, *Curio* takes his gun;
Is there a fiſhing party? *He* makes one:
Not for the ſport—No; Curio neither went
To ſhoot or fiſh—but juſt to learn th' event.
To-day he comes, to ſhew my lord your place;
To-morrow does the ſame—t'oblige his grace:
Thus, mov'd by wires, this arrant punchinello,
For want of buſineſs—is a *buſy* fellow!

LV. Snip-

LV.

Snip-Snap, or Town-Life and Country-Life.

T. HOW dull's a country life? ſage *Buſo* cries.
C. Dull as your life in town, his friend replies.
T. How *can* you bear the ſame things o'er and o'er?
C. Yet what can Bath or London, pray, give more?
T. You eat and drink, and ſtroll about your fields;—
C. Such are the joys your favourite town-life yields:
Yet, whilſt our fields are green, our flow'rs are ſweet,
You breathe in ſmoke—and tread the duſty ſtreet.
T. To ſhift the ſcene we've various public places;—
C. Yet ſtill you meet the ſame dull-buſy faces.
T. Then freſh and freſh we read the daily news;—
C. Content, ſome weekly journal I peruſe.
T. Can you the rooms, cards, company reſign?
C. Yes; for health, eaſe, good air, and wholeſome wine.
T. But you've no neighbours.—*C.* Yes, we have a few;
And then—we're ſeldom plagu'd with folks like you.

LVI.

The Man of Senſe.

MILO, you tell me, is a man of ſenſe,
Who thus diſplays his wit at your expence:
Whilſt with your claret Milo you regale,
He ſoothes your ear with jeſt or humorous tale;
Yet, ſtung with ſatyr or malignant ſneer,
You often buy your mirth extremely dear.
He entertains your company, 'tis true;
But, whilſt you laugh with him, we laugh at you.
Milo, whene'er you ſpeak, looks wond'rous wiſe,
Or cuts you ſhort with inſolent replies:
If contradicted, heav'ns! what exclamations!
He fills the room with rude vociferations:
With cynic ſnarls maintains the loud debate,
Fierce as a cur before his maſter's gate.

Wit

Wit as he is, and fraught with learned ſtore,
Yet Milo wants one happier talent more.
None laugh ſincere but thoſe who're at their eaſe;
Then, Milo, learn the better art—to pleaſe:
Fools are reveng'd when wit gives juſt offence,
And true *good-nature* far outſhines good ſenſe.

HUMOROUS.

LVII.

Strephon and Blowſalind, or the Amorous 'Squire.

STREPHON in vain purſu'd a rural fair,
The roſy object of his tender care!
The nymph, who long had lov'd a jollier ſwain,
Still view'd the amorous Strephon with diſdain.
Provok'd, he ſtrove by force to ſtorm her charms;
She rais'd her hand—and daſh'd him from her arms:
"Oh ceaſe, he cries, ſubdue that barbarous ſpite,
"Tho' doom'd to love—I was not born to fight!
"You've ſtol'n my heart, deprive me not of breath;
"Thoſe *frowns* are cruel—but that *fiſt* is death!"

LVIII.

The Inviſible:

Written at College, 1747.

WHAT mortal burns not with the love of fame?
Some write, ſome fight—ſome eat themſelves a name.

For

For fame beau Frightful haunts each public place,
And grows conſpicuous for—his ugly face.
Laura, the rural circle's conſtant boaſt,
Sighs for the Mall, and longs to be a toaſt.
The prieſtling, proud of doctrine not his own,
Uſurps a ſcarf—and longs to preach in town.
Ev'n Whitefield's ſaints, whoſe cant has fill'd the nation,
Toil more for fame, I trow, than reformation.
Verus, tho' bleſs'd with learning, ſenſe, and wit,
Yet *prides* himſelf in never ſhewing it:
Safe in his cell, he ſhuns the ſtaring croud,
And inward ſhines, like Sol behind a cloud.
For fame let fops to diſtant regions roam,
Lo! here's the man—who never ſtirs from home!
That unſeen wight—whom all men wiſh to ſee;
Illuſtrious grown—by mere obſcurity.

LIX.

On a Quack—who "travels by Act of Parliament."

YE ſolemn tribe, who write—and take your fees,
Adorn'd with Engliſh or with Scotch degrees:
Who boaſt of licenſes, and idly puff
Your lectures, hoſpitals, and ſuch vain ſtuff:
Behold a man, of more intrinſic worth,
For public good, tho' "*gouty*," ſallies forth!
"His UNCLE's pupil;"—who, for thirty years,
Has check'd the widow's and the orphan's tears;
"*Allow'd by all a moſt ingenious*" ſage;
Styl'd, by himſelf, "*The wonder of the age* *!"
The great SHAPPEE!—who ſcorns your letter'd ſkill,
Great B-ylis, L-cas, and ev'n doctor H-ll!
Sent forth—"by act of parliament"—to kill.

* The words of his advertiſement.

LX. Li-

LX.

Liberty in Danger—on the new Act againſt Swearing:

Written in 1747.

SINCE firſt * the Norman fix'd his ſtandard here,
Britons have claim'd a right—to curſe and ſwear.
In vain the preacher, with his milk-white hand,
Denounc'd d-mnation on a guilty land:
With "D-mn you, Jack!" each friend his friend ſtill greets;
And "Blood and thunder!" ecchoes thro' our ſtreets.
But ſtronger ſanctions now our pulpits arm,
Priſons and mulcts th' abandon'd wretch alarm:
The fear of hell, 'twas found, could nought avail;
But ev'n a captain trembles at a jail:
The loſs of money, ſure, tho' not of ſoul,
Muſt ſtrike vice dumb, and blaſphemy controul;
Sailors themſelves henceforth ſhall grow more civil,
And dread † *De Veil* at leaſt, tho' not the devil.

LXI.

War proclaimed at Brentford:

Written in 1744.

BRITAIN at length her wrath declares,
And fierce to meet the foe prepares:
Bellona mounts her iron car,
Grac'd with the implements of war:
Auguſta ſounds the dread alarm,
And all our ports their gallies arm:
Briſtol and York have heralds ſent,
Denouncing George's dire intent;
Nay, Brentford now proclaims defiance;—
Let Bourbon tremble at th' alliance!

* The Normans are ſuppoſed to have introduced this cuſtom.
† An active Middleſex juſtice at that time.

LXII.

An Incident in high Life.

THE *Bucks* had din'd, and deep in council ſat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat;
Up ſtarts his lordſhip, to the window flies,
And lo! "a race! a race!" in rapture cries:
'Where,' quoth Sir John; "Why, ſee! two drops of rain,
"Start from the ſummit of the cryſtal pane:—
"A thouſand pounds! which drop with nimbleſt force
"Performs its current down the ſlippery courſe!"
The betts were fix'd; in dire ſuſpenſe they wait
For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the ſaſh, unconſcious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Cloe's eyes.
But ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are ſhort!—
How oft two joſtling ſteeds have ſpoil'd the ſport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project croſs'd;
How hard their lot who neither won nor loſt!

BON MOTS:

OR,

OLD STORIES.

L'Epigramme
N'eſt ſouvent qu'un Bon Mot de deux rimes orné.
BOILEAU.

LXIII.

AS a weſt-country mayor, with formal addreſs,
Was making his ſpeech to the haughty queen Beſs:
"The Spaniard, quoth he, with inveterate ſpleen,
"Has preſum'd to attack you, a poor virgin-queen;
"But your majeſty's courage has made it appear,
"That the don had ta'en the wrong *ſow* by the ear."

LXIV.

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too ſerious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a ſport:
He ſoon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor ſtopp'd; began to call,
"Pray 'wake the earl of Lauderdale:
"My lord! why, 'tis a monſtrous thing!
"You ſnore ſo loud—you'll 'wake the king."

LXV. On

LXV.

On a Diſpute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly ſtop up that door,
"If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
'Your threats, replies Radcliffe, diſturb not my eaſe;
'And, ſo you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you pleaſe.'
"You're ſmart, rejoins Kneller; but, ſay what you will,
"I'll *take* any thing *from you*—but potion or pill."

LXVI.

A Clown's Apology to the Doctor.

AS honeſt *Richard*, a ſubſtantial clown,
Had brought his corn, one market-day, to town,
He met the *doctor*, who look'd vaſtly big,
And ſternly frown'd beneath his awful wig.
The clown, whoſe heart ſtill ran upon his treaſure,
Thus gueſs'd the cauſe of Syrinx's diſpleaſure:
"I han't been lately at your ſhop, quoth Dick;
"But don't be angry—for I ha'n't been ſick."

LXVII.

The empty Gun.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce diſpute engage,
And, face to face, the noiſy conteſt wage;
"Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick ſmartly cries;
'Fear not—his head's not *charg'd*,' a friend replies.

LXVIII.

The Alternative.

IN heat of youth, poor Jack engag'd a wife,
Whoſe tongue, he found, might prove a ſcourge for life;

Perplex'd, he ſtill put off the evil day;
Grew ſick at length—and juſt expiring lay:
To which ſad criſis having brought the matter,
"To wed or die"—Jack wiſely choſe the latter.

LXIX.

To Doctor Abel ——:

In his Sickneſs.

ABEL! preſcribe thyſelf; truſt not another:
Some envious leech, like Cain, may ſlay his *brother*.

LXX.

Againſt Riddles.

OF all the fops that plague makind,
None with th' ænigmatiſt can vye,
Who vainly hopes applauſe to find,
By ſtudying obſcurity.

When Nimrod's ſons, to mount the ſkies,
With raſh intent a tow'r began,
What ſtratagem did Heaven deviſe
To diſſipate that impious clan?

Heav'n ſent no famines, plagues, or wars;
But gave each man a puzzling riddle:
His neighbour's dulneſs each abhors,—
And leaves the building in the middle.

LXXI.

The Virtuoſo.

WHAT, to the valiant knight of Spain,
Was Donna del Toboſo;—
Such is the idol of his brain
To ev'ry virtuoſo.

Don

Don Quixotte to a goddeſs lifted
An home-ſpun country laſs;
Each grain of corn the damſel ſifted
With him for pearls could paſs.

Whate'er the curious deifies,
It thus his fancy warms,
And gives to ſhells and butterflies
Imaginary charms.

But let not thoſe, that look more grave,
Themſelves their wiſdom pride on;
Since every man muſt ſometimes have
His hobby-horſe to ride on.

LXXII.

The Prayer of an Humoriſt.

1.

CURIO, 'tis plain, by all theſe motto's,
Romantic wight! prefers
Wild woods, wild rocks, and ſhapeleſs grotto's,
To gardens and parterres.

2.

Each weed he culls of various hue;
Wild flow'rs are his delight:
The primroſe pale, the hyacinth blue,
And dog-roſe charm his ſight.

3.

All theſe, around his moſſy ſeat,
He plants with wond'rous care;
And thus, in times of parching heat,
To Heav'n directs his pray'r:

4.

"O! ſend us rain, ye gracious pow'rs
"The earth refreſhment needs:
"Not for my corn, my fruits, or flow'rs;
"But oh!—preſerve my weeds."

LXXIII.

To —— ——, Esq; Antiquary and F. R. S.

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new;
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

LXXIV.

P-mbroke the humble to Chr-st-Church the ample; or, The Rival Colleges.

Impar congressus!—

TRUCE with thy sneers! thou proud, insulting college;
Tho' not much known—we may be men of knowledge.

LXXV.

Meditation in a Coffee-House.

In the Manner of Dr. Swift.

FOR P—tt or B—te
Let men dispute,
And wrangle e'er so long!
Whilst party-spite
Thinks nothing right,
Sure all are in the wrong!

LXXVI.

On the foregoing Epigrams.

YOU imitate dean Swift, you say;
His ease, his humour—well! you may;
From Greek and Latin you translate;
You alter this, allude to that:—

Hints

Hints too you borrow, up and down,——
Yet ſtill your dulneſs is your own:
And, ſhould each bird his plumes reclaim,
Adieu to your poetic fame!

LXXVII.

The Impertinence of the Critics.

FREED from his academic gown,
When *Rakehell* firſt arriv'd in town,
Soon to *Vauxhall* the youth was led,
Lock'd arm in arm with *Frank* and *Ned*.
Struck with the wonders of the place,
Amazement ſeiz'd his brazen face:
The glittering lights, the gay alcoves,
The muſic warbling thro' the groves:
O'er each illumin'd walk he ſtrays,
Each paſte-board edifice ſurveys;
Till, having view'd them o'er and o'er,
Begins to wiſh for ſomething more:
To each fair ſportive nymph he talks,
And longs to rove in private walks;
But here the decent care of * *Tyers*
Had plac'd his beadles and his wires,
To keep men chaſte;—a ſturdy tribe!
Who ſcorn to take—a ſlender bribe.
Young *Rakehell* now grows ſoundly tir'd
Of what he juſt before admir'd:
He damns the place; and ſwears, in ſhort,
"*Theſe conſtables*—ſpoil all the ſport!"
The youthful bard, when firſt he roves,
Thus wildly, thro' Arcadian groves,
Still longs to cull forbidden flow'rs,
And wanton looſe in roſy bow'rs:
The path of common-ſenſe forſakes,
For painted meads and ſilver lakes:

* Proprietor of the gardens.

Excurſive

Excurſive leaps o'er nature's bounds,
And truth with falſhood ſtill confounds.
Check'd by the critic's chaſter law,
At length he learns to ſtand in awe;
But yet, with ſad reluctance, bends
To have his lays *review'd* by friends;
Provok'd, that reaſon's rigid rules
Forbid ev'n bards—to write like fools.

LXXVIII.

To an Old Maid.

OF ſuff'rings paſt why thus complain;
Or why, for joys you've miſs'd, ſo croſs?
Could pleaſures, paſs'd, be deem'd a gain?
Can pain, once paſs'd, be deem'd a loſs?

LXXIX.

1.

WHEN I the buſy, fruitleſs cares,
The pride, the folly, hopes and fears
Of mortal men ſurvey;
Like that old * *Greek*, I ſometimes think,
True wiſdom is to eat and drink,
And *laugh* the live-long day.

2.

But, when I ſeriouſly reflect
How much depends on our neglect,
Or careful uſe of time,
Taught of my folly to repent, I
Could almoſt think, when turn'd of twenty,
To *laugh at all's* a crime.

* Democritus.

LXXX. Under

LXXX.

Under an Hour-Glaſs, in a Grotto near the Water.

1.

THIS babbling ſtream not uninſtructive flows,
Nor idly loiters to its deſtin'd main:
Each flow'r it feeds that on its margin grows,
And bids thee bluſh, whoſe days are ſpent in vain.

2.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides
Time's current, ſtealing on with ſilent haſte;
For lo! each falling ſand his folly chides,
Who lets one precious moment run to waſte.

LXXXI.

On the Death a fine Girl of nine Years old: *To Mrs. Cr——.*

JOY of her friends, her parents' only pride,
When ſcarce ſhe'd taſted life, Eliza dy'd:
She was—but words are wanting to ſay what;
Say all that's good and pretty—ſhe was that.

LXXXII.

On erecting a Monument to Shakeſpear, under the Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, &c.

TO mark her Shakeſpear's worth and Britain's love,
Let Pope deſign and Burlington approve:
Superfluous care! When diſtant times ſhall view
This tomb grown old—his works ſhall ſtill be new.

LXXXIII. On

LXXXIII.

On the Pyramidical Mauſoleum erected to R——h A——n, Eſq; in Cl——t—n Church-yard, 1764.

O'ER A——n's duſt what needs this pious care
To raiſe yon ſplendid ſtructure high in air?
How vain theſe efforts to adorn a name
So long recorded in the rolls of fame!
The great, the good, the friend of human-kind,
If ſuch may hope a juſt return to find;
His virtuous acts, thro' diſtant ages ſpread,
Shall live, when tombs are vaniſh'd with their dead.
Yet hold! perhaps in emblematic ſtile
Some artiſt plann'd this pyramidic pile!—
As from its ſpreading baſe th' aſpiring cone,
Tow'rds heav'n, high-rais'd, directs the pointed ſtone;
Thus A——n's gen'rous deeds ſtill glorious riſe,
Wide-ſpread on earth—all pointing to the ſkies.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM